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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Selections.

MR. GARRISON AT FORT SUMTER.

[In the absence of the Editor, the Rev. SAMUEL MAY, JR., furnished the leading article in last week's *Liberator*. It is so good that we cannot resist the temptation to copy the larger part of it. Mr. May opens with an allusion to the fact that Mr. Garrison had gone to Fort Sumter, in company with his life-long friend, the Hon. George Thompson, the Hon. Henry Wilson and others, as the guest of the National government, and then says:]

WHAT Abolitionist can think of the presence of William Lloyd Garrison at that spot, on that occasion, and this too by express invitation of the National authorities, without feelings of the profoundest awe at the wonder-working Providence which controls human affairs, or without emotions which in vain seek adequate expression?

Thirty-five years ago, "in a small chamber, friendless and unseen," Mr. Garrison commenced, with the humblest means and surroundings, the labor of abolishing American slavery! Scarce an individual in the land was there, who did not deem the work to the last degree foolish and visionary, and most believed it impossible. As fast as he and his work became known, so fast was he met with ridicule, scorn, abuse, persecution, and ere long with attempts to take his life. Denunciation, as a disturber of the peace, as a fanatic as a traitor, as an infidel, fell heavy upon him from the political and religious journals, and all the high places of the land. All who befriended and aided him, or who even suggested that there was justification or excuse even for him, were visited with like condemnation, and subjected to the severest penalties which political and social proscription, or religious intolerance, combined with power, could inflict. The work they were doing was condemned as not less cruel to the slaves than illegal and treasonable towards the nation and its government. The whole force of the learning, talent, wealth, and even religion of the land, with the fewest possible exceptions, was lifted up to crush their work and them. "Everywhere," as with Christianity in its early days, the anti-slavery cause was "spoken against," and the name of Mr. Garrison and his friends "cast out as evil." But on these painful and humiliating remembrances we care not now to dwell.

> "Snatched from the world's pursuing wrath,
> Unharmed when death o'erhung our head—
> Like ransomed Israel on the shore,
> Here then we pause, look back, adore."

In such circumstances of all but universal hostility, of determined purpose on the part of all whose power was deemed irresistible, to destroy and crush it utterly, how did the anti-slavery cause live? How did it prevail to gain a foothold, a hearing, consideration, and now at length, in the space of not more than thirty-five years, its TRIUMPH, with the general consent of all the wisdom, conscience, intelligence and patriotism of the land? The answer is but one, and all know, all feel it. "Not by might, not by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." It was simply because the almighty power of Truth, Justice and Right was with it, and with its unselfish, devoted advocates; because the sure arm of the Infinite was on their side; and they even in the darkest hours believed and said, "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

Such *was* the estimation in which the anti-slavery cause, and Mr. Garrison, its chief representative, were, until a very recent period, held. But a mighty change has taken place. And for this change, the thirty years' education of the people, through the anti-slavery movement, was the necessary and predestined preparation. Four years ago, that Slave Power, whose evil nature Mr. Garrison had so accurately described, but whose infamous designs on the life of the nation not even he at first foresaw, made manifest to the world its real character and aims by lifting up the bloody hand of rebellion, the hand of an assassin and robber, against the nation and its legally constituted authorities. In that hour, multitudes saw and confessed what before they would never admit, that Slavery was the inherent, necessary enemy of our Republic; from its nature opposed to *all* freedom, not less than to the freedom of its immediate victims. From that hour, the work of opening the blinded eyes and unstopping the deaf ears has been going forward—and with a celerity of progress unexampled before in any nation's history. The flower of our young men, springing to arms for the defence of the nation's life, have seen for themselves what slavery is, and does, and has attempted to do, and their conversion to anti-slavery is sealed beyond all possibility of change. The government, no friend to slavery at any moment, but constitutionally restrained from touching it, while slavery itself continued seemingly loyal, waited but for the nation to see for itself the real cause of the rebellion; and then, and quite as soon as a controlling majority did see that slavery was the felon which had created and sustained the rebellion, it struck slavery a deadly blow, January 1st, 1863, from the effect of which it has never recovered. The nation has approved and ratified that act. Vast numbers who, like Mr. Everett, at first distrusted its expediency, have come to see and acknowedge its justice and absolute necessity, and to render to the whole anti-slavery policy of the government an unqualified support. The reelection of Mr. Lincoln in November last placed the nation on the side of uncompromising anti-slavery action, and gave assurance that the work of rooting out slavery forever would be fully accomplished.

The nation is therefore no longer at variance with Mr. Garrison; and Mr. Garrison can no longer be, and has no desire to be, without cause, at variance with the nation. Although but comparatively few may be magnanimous enough—as some have nobly been—to admit and avow the essential correctness and far-seeing wisdom of his course as an Abolitionist, yet there is no real dissent from his principles and position on the part of any controlling number in the land. The people and the government have pronounced upon slavery the verdict of Guilty, and have sentenced it to a malefactor's death. With the greatest promptitude, and even gladness, the States have ratified the Anti-Slavery Amendment of the Constitution, and it can be but a little time before the full number required for its adoption will be obtained.

Mr. Garrison is no longer a proscribed, but an honored man, in the land of his birth. Whereas, as the advocate of a most unpopular cause, he was misrepresented, reviled, and held as the nation's enemy, now, since his every word has been more than verified, and because men understand his faithful and anti-slavery life, he is respected and revered. He bears a name and has acquired a reputation—to be enjoyed while yet he lives—which the most greedy of fame might covet. To-day he is recognized by the candid and thoughtful as having been a true, single-hearted, and far-seeing friend of his country, wisely forewarning against the impending consequences of the nation's great crime, and nobly laboring at the risk of his life, and with sacrifice of all that men usually strive after, to save her from it. A nation schooled by the terrible lessons of loss, suffering, and humiliation, which this four years' war has forced upon her, taught by adversity a higher wisdom than ever it could have gained in prosperity, taught to measure itself more justly, taught to esteem of small account many things which before it had placed high in its regard—now gives honor to the man and to the cause, which before it scorned and loaded with reproach.

And this is the real significance of Mr. Garrison's presence at Fort Sumter, on this occasion of national rejoicing and triumph. It tells of a regenerated public sentiment, of a new moral purpose and life in the nation. Without this were so, Mr. Garrison could not possibly have gone thither as the Nation's guest. In this significance we accept and most fervently rejoice in the fact of his invitation and of his appearance there. It tells of a people worthy to have so greatly suffered, worthy to be saved through suffering, of a people not given over by a righteous God to be forever in the bondage of that terrible idolatry which held them bound so long, a bondage more dishonoring and to be dreaded than that of the four millions at the South, whose slavery was made sure by national consent and complicity. It tells of a government above the poor prejudice and narrowness which actuate ordinary statesmen, ready to bestow honor where justice shows it to be due, and ready to give public expression to the convictions of the wisest and best in the land.

We regard this invitation to Mr. Garrison as a recognition also of the anti-slavery movement of the country, and a willing testimony to its essential worth as just, humane, and indispensable. We know that Mr. Garrison so regarded it, holding it as a tribute to the great body of men and women whom he might be supposed to represent, and not at all as a tribute to himself. We do not agree that considerations, personal to himself, had no influence in the case. On the contrary, we believe they had very much to do with it. Mr. Garrison's course, throughout the war, has been so consistently fair, he has been so considerate in his judgment of those upon whom was laid the tremendous responsibility of conducting the country through this conflict, he has been so obviously actuated by the single desire to have *slavery*, the cause of the rebellion and of so much of our national shame and woe, dealt with as it deserved, and that for the highest reasons of the national good, his criticisms, his public speeches, his whole action have been so large and wise, that every reflecting mind has come to honor him; and it was therefore to have been looked for that, on an appropriate occasion, the National government should publicly recognize him as one of the most true, faithful, and honorable of its citizens. We are far more glad that it has done so, for its own sake, than the personal gratification which it must give to Mr. Garrison and his friends. It honors itself in honoring such as he. And the good, the wise, and the true, the world over, will feel their respect increased and their estimate enlarged of this nation and its government, when they see such proofs of magnanimity and justice, if tardy, yet so full and cordial.

And so the good cause of Liberty and Justice goes on conquering and TO CONQUER! The nation has put its hand to the plough, and it will not look back. The long-oppressed and outraged slave is a slave no more! Hereafter he and his children are to be recognized as our brothers, the steadfast friends of our nation in its season of great peril, the compassionate helpers of so many of our sons and brothers suffering under the torturing hands of the infamous wretches who made the rebellion. God bless and strengthen every soul who has labored for them in the long past, and every one who still lives to work for their complete deliverance, and for the true honor and nobleness of our country!

THE CHARACTER OF MR. LINCOLN.

[The London *Spectator*, which writes intelligently upon all subjects, and which has evinced a preëminent intelligence, as well as liberality and sense of justice in its discussion of American affairs, has in the number of March 25 an elaborate appreciation of the public character of Mr. Lincoln. It does not scruple to compare him to Washington in some respects, or to pronounce that, with a more difficult task, he has reached a no less honorable success. Here is the substance of what it says:]

WE all remember the animated eulogium on General Washington which Lord Macaulay passed parenthetically in his essay on Hampden. "It was when to the sullen tyranny of Laud and Charles had succeeded the fierce conflict of sects and factions ambitious of ascendancy or burning for revenge, it was when the vices and ignorance which the old tyranny had engendered threatened the new freedom with destruction, that England missed the sobriety, the self-command, the perfect soundness of judgment, the perfect rectitude of intention to which the history of revolutions furnishes no parallel, or furnishes a parallel in Washington alone." If that high eulogium was fully earned, as it was, by the first great President of the United States, we doubt if it has not been as well earned by the Illinois peasant-proprietor and village lawyer" whom, by some Divine inspiration or providence, the Republican caucus of 1860 substituted for Mr. Seward as their nominee for the Presidential chair. No doubt he has in many ways had a lighter task than Washington, for he had not at least to produce a government out of chaos, but only to express and execute the purpose of a people far more highly organized for political life than that with which Washington had to deal. But without the advantages of Washington's education or training Mr. Lincoln was called from an humble station at the opening of a mighty civil war to form a government out of a party in which the habits and traditions of official life did not exist. Finding himself the object of Southern abuse so fierce and so foul that in any man less passionless it would long ago have stirred up an implacable animosity, mocked at for his official awkardness, and denounced for his steadfast policy by all the Democratic section of the loyal States, tried by years of failure before that policy achieved a single great success, further tried by a series of successes so rapid and brilliant that they would have puffed up a smaller mind and overset its balance, embarrassed by the boastfulness of his people and of his subordinates no less than by his own experience in his relations with foreign states, beset by fanatics of principle on one side who would pay no attention to his obligations as a constitutional ruler, and by fanatics of caste on the other who were not only deaf to the claims of justice, but would hear of no policy large enough for a revolutionary emergency, Mr. Lincoln has persevered through all without ever giving way to anger, or despondency, or exultation, or popular arrogance, or sectarian fanaticism, or caste prejudice, visibly growing in force of character, in self-possession, and in magnanimity, till in his last short message to Congress [inaugural address], on the 4th of March, we can detect no longer the rude and illiterate mould of a village lawyer's thought, but find it replaced by a grasp of principle, a dignity of manner and a solemnity of purpose which would have been unworthy neither of Hampden nor of Cromwell, while his gentleness and generosity of feeling towards his foes are almost greater than we should expect from either of them.

[As to the growth of his mind on the subject of slavery from the time of his debate with Douglas to the breaking out of the war, the writer says:]

He could not, Mr. Lincoln said, look on slavery as Mr. Douglas did, as a local matter of no more importance than "the oyster laws of Virginia or the cranberry laws of Indiana." He thought the slave laws had more of aggressiveness and natural proselytism about them than either oyster laws or cranberry laws; still that was only his own opinion as a political weather-prophet. All he insisted on was the duty of resisting the advance and growth of a force whose force he feared as malign for the whole Union. In its then dimensions he would protect and sanction it, and accord it every constitutional guaranty, but he did not believe it would be content to keep within its then dimensions. He looked at it as an Arctic navigator would look on pack-ice, not as an English politician looks at the principles of the opposite party. Two years later, when so unexpectedly summoned to assume the Presidency of the United States, he reasons with the secessionists in the same tone, appealing to the great verdict of political experiment, not asking them to give up slavery, but, if they had real confidence in it, to show that confidence by leaving it to the natural persuasiveness over the mind of the people, to the natural strength which it would derive from the providential care of God. 'Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world? In our present differences is either party without faith of being in the right? If the Almighty ruler of nations, with his eternal truth and justice, be on your side of the North, or on yours of the South, that truth and that justice will surely prevail by the judgment of this great tribunal, the American people." The plea was no unreal pretence of argument. Mr. Lincoln was speaking from a faith so deep in himself, that had he been in the minority (as he was two years before) he would have accepted the test. "If this thing be not of God it will come to naught," he had said with profound sincerity in explaining his own disapprobation of slavery; and he thought his opponents might have faith enough to say it too. And for himself, though he had now accepted the post of pilot to the State, he was almost ludicrously willing to abide by his own slow, patent, naturalistic habit of waiting for a solution. All he could make up his mind to do was to say, "The power confided to me will be used to hold, occupy and possess the property and places belonging to the government." He could do no less without treachery for he was trustee for those places. He could do no more without precipitating action, and he would not precipitate action. He wished to see the storm burst before he was willing to decide upon his duty. It might even yet drift by if he did not do too much. "To hold, occupy and possess," that was his only clear duty.

The war once declared by his opponents, our readers know how he treated the slave question—not from any doubt that slavery was the root of the whole struggle, but from a profound doubt whether he was justified in anticipating the divine moment for its extinction. He was not placed there as God's instrument to put down slavery, but as his instrument for administering the government of the United States "on the basis of the constitution," and the question might settle itself far better than he could settle it. Slowly he was forced, bit by bit, to see that the one duty was involved in the other, and as he saw he accepted it; but even then his only fear was lest he should interfere too much in the great forces which were working out their own end. He was chosen a man usually are, to do that which he was most fearful of doing—not because he did not see that it was a great work—but because he only very gradually opened his eyes to its being a work in which he, with his defined duties, had any right to meddle. And now he speaks of it in just the same spirit as a great natural process, not entrusted to him or dependent on him, of which no one can foresee the course and exact issue. Both North and South, he says, were equally confident in the justice of their cause, and appealed to God to justify that confidence. He has not justified either of them wholly. "The prayers of both could not be answered; that of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes."

[Again the writer analyses his moral convictions in this wise:]

Mr. Lincoln presents more powerfully than any man that quality in the American mind which though in weak men it becomes boastfulness, is not really this in root, but a strange, an almost humiliated trust in the structural power of that political Nature which without any statesman's co-öperation is slowly building up a free nation or free nations on the great continent, with an advance as steady as that of the rivers or the tides. It is the phase of political thought most opposite to, though it is sometimes compared with, the Cæsarism that is growing up on the European side of the Atlantic. The Emperor of the French thinks the Imperial organ of the nation almost greater than the nation—certainly an essential part of it. It is men like Mr. Lincoln, who really believe devoutly, indeed too passively, in the 'logic of events," but then they think the logic of events the word of God. The Cæsar thinks also of the logic of events, but he regards himself not as its servant but its prophet. He makes events when the logic would not appear complete without his aid, points the slow logic of the Almighty with epigram, fits the unrolling history with showy rhetorical *dénouements*, cuts the knots of ravelled providences, and stills the birth throes of revolution with the chloroform of despotism. Mr. Lincoln is so much stupider and slower sort of politician, but we doubt if any politician has ever shown less personal ambition and a larger power of trust.

LEE'S SURRENDER.

DETAILS OF THE EVENT FROM AN EYE-WITNESS.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Times.

ON BOARD STEAMER "CITY POINT," }
JAMES RIVER, Va., Wednesday, April 12. }

I AM able to lay before you the highly interesting and important details of Lee's surrender, through the courtesy of Col. Tal. P. Shaffner, the eminent telegraph engineer, who was an eye-witness to the whole scene. But in order to give a clear idea of the position where the event took place, and how the respective armies stood at the time, it is necessary to go back and very briefly follow the course of the armies from the time they left Petersburg.

[Want of room compels us to omit the interesting particulars of Grant's pursuit. It is enough to say that Lee was completely hemmed in, and that a battle would have annihilated his army. After describing the correspondence that led to the interview between the two Generals, the writer goes on:]

On Sunday, April 9th, at about 2 o'clock p. m. the two Generals met at the house of Mr. Wilmer McLean. Gen. Lee was attended by Gen. Marshal, his Adjutant-General; Gen. Grant, by Col. Parker, one of his chief Aides-de-Camp. The two Generals met and greeted each other with dignified courtesy, and proceeded at once to the business before them. Gen. Lee immediately alluded to the conditions of the surrender, characterized them as exceedingly lenient, and said he would gladly leave all the details to Gen. Grant's own discretion. Gen. Grant stated the terms of the parole: that the arms should be stacked, the artillery parked, and the supplies and munitions turned over to him, the officers retaining their side arms, horses and personal effects. Gen. Lee promptly assented to the conditions, and the agreement of surrender was engrossed and signed by Gen. Lee at 3:30 o'clock.

Gen. Lee asked Gen. Grant for an interpretation of the phrase, "personal effects," and said that many of his cavalrymen owned their own horses. Gen. Grant said he construed it to mean that the horses must be turned over to the United States government. *Gen. Lee admitted the correctness and justice of the interpretation*, when Gen. Grant said he would instruct his officers to allow those men who owned their horses to retain them, as they would need them *for the purpose of tilling their farms*. Gen. Lee expressed a great sense of gratification for such a generous consideration, and said it would have a very good effect. He subsequently expressed a hope that each soldier might be furnished with a certificate of his parole, as evidence to prevent him from being forced into the army until regularly exchanged. Gen. Grant assented to the suggestion, and the printing presses were soon put to work to print the documents required.

In regard to the strength of his army, Gen. Lee said he had no idea of the number of men that he should be able to deliver up. There had been so many engagements, and such heavy losses from desertion and other causes within the past few days and the retreat so rapid, that no regular morning reports had been made since leaving Petersburg; but it is generally believed by the best informed officers that Lee surrenders eighteen to twenty thousand men. Of the army horses, wagons, etc., there is yet no official account. Gen. Lee informed Gen. Grant that his men were short of provisions, whereupon Gen. Grant ordered twenty-five thousand rations to be distributed to them. Thus substantially ended the interview. Both Generals were the very impersonation of dignity and courtesy in their bearing. Lee is in fine health and though apparently impressed with the vital effect and importance of the act he was performing, he was cheerful and pleasant in his demeanor. The house where the stipulations were signed was a fair brick structure, with neat grounds, and quite neatly furnished. The room in which the interview took place was a comfortable parlor, about eighteen by twenty feet, and adorned by the usual furnishing common to the average of Virginia houses.

Both Generals were attired in full uniform. Lee wore a very fine sword. Grant had no side-arms, having left camp the day previous, with the intention of being gone but a few hours, but, on the contrary, being gone all night. When the two Generals first met they were attended only by the staff officers already mentioned; but, during the interview, several of our officers entered and were introduced to Gen. Lee, who received them cordially and made no objections to their presence. They were Maj.-Gens. Ord and Sheridan, Brevet Maj-Gen. Ingalls, Brig-Gens. Williams, Rawlins and Barnard, Lieut.-Cols. Parker, Dant, Badeau, Bowers, A. A. G., Porter, Babcock and Capt Lincon. Tal. P. Shaffner, Esq., was the only civilian present.

It should be said that Gen. Grant had anticipated the surrender for several days, and had resolved beforehand not to require the same formalities which are required in a surrender between the forces of two foreign nations or belligerent powers; that they were our own people, and to exact no conditions for the mere purpose of humiliation.

After the interview, Gen. Lee returned to his own camp, about half a mile distant, where his leading officers were assembled awaiting his return.

He announced the result and the terms, whereupon they expressed great satisfaction at the leniency of the conditions. They then approached him in order of rank, shook hands, expressing satisfaction at his course and their regret at parting, all shedding tears on the occasion.

The fact of surrender and the liberal terms were then announced to the troops, and when Gen. Lee appeared among them he was loudly cheered. On Monday, between 9 and 10 o'clock a. m., Gen. Grant and Staff rode out in the direction of the rebel lines, and on a hill just beyond the court-house, where a full view of the rebel army could be obtained, Gen. Lee was met, attended by but one staff officer and orderlies. The Generals halted, and seated on their horses, conversed for nearly an hour upon the prospects of the future, each seeming to realize the mighty influence which the events of the present were to have upon it. Gen. Lee signified very emphatically his desire for a total cessation of hostilities, and indicated his intention to do all in his power to effect that end. The best of good feeling prevailed, and this was the last interview between the two Commanders. Gen. Grant returned to McLean's house and soon after Gens. Longstreet, Gordon, Pickett and Heth, with a number of staff officers, arrived, and after recognitions and introductions, an hour of very friendly intercourse took place, during which many scenes and incidents of bye-gone college days and days of service together in the regular army, were revived and retold with much good nature.

Gen. Grant gave Gen. Lee and his principal officers passes to proceed whither they wished. The parties then separated, and early on Tuesday morning Gen Grant and staff left the scene of the great event for their headquarters at City Point, arriving at 4 30 a. m. to-day. Gen. Meade was left in command to superintend the details of the surrender, which would occupy several days, the work of providing each man and officer with an individual parole being a slow and tedious one; part of them are written and part printed by the little printing presses which accompany the headquarters.

Thus in exactly two weeks, to almost an hour, from the time Gen. Grant and staff broke up their headquarters at City Point for the Spring campaign, they return with the Spring campaign not only complete but the entire opposing army destroyed and the war substantially closed. The complete character of the destruction of Lee's army thus accomplished, forcibly appears from these facts, viz: That when the operations began two weeks ago, his army numbered not less than 65,000 men; that we have captured from him 25,000 prisoners; that his killed and wounded are not less than 14,000; and that the balance of the army deserted on the retreat, or fell into our hands at the surrepder.

As the various gentlemen of the staff appeared at their old homes, and as commemorative of their triumphant return, Brady, the eminent photographer of New York, preserved the group, Generals and all, for the admiration of all their friends in this and future generations.

The entire Lee family are now in our hands; Gen Robert E. Lee, and his son, William Henry Fitzhugh Lee, who was *not* killed at Petersburg, as has been reported, are prisoners on parole; his eldest son, G. W. Custis Lee, is a prisoner of war in our custody, captured on Thuraday last by Sheridan; his nephew Fitzhugh Lee, whose wife is the owner of the White House estate on the Pamunkey, is also a prisoner on parole.

The number of prisoners captured from the beginning of the campaign up to the present time, is over twenty-five thousand, aside from those surrendered and paroled. The nine thousand prisoners captured by Gens. Sheridan and Wright on Thursday last, were yesterday between Wilson's Station and Petersburg on their way in from the front. Gens. Ewell, Custis Lee, Kershaw, Barton, Dubois and two others were among them. The officers, six hundred in number, are expected here to-night.

One of the most singular and lamentable events of the war, carrying one back to the days of the chivalric Knights, when each foeman challenged his adversary to hand to hand conflict with the attendant hosts as spectators, occurred on Friday last, on the left of the line, during a skirmish between a portion of the Twenty-fourth Corps and a brigade of rebel cavalry. Gen. Reed, Chief of Staff to Gen. Ord, being up at the front, suddenly recognized an old acquaintance in the person of Gen. St. Clair Deering, commanding a brigade of South Carolina cavalry. Whether they had been in former times friends or foes I cannot say, but they met now as foes, and, in full view of the opposing forces present, they held a tournament of death, fighting with pistols, until, almost simultaneously, Reed fell dead, and Deering mortally wounded.

WASHINGTON, April 13.

The correspondent, after giving further details of events, but which have mainly been published through official sources, says the field where the surrender took place was almost covered with the enemy's dead—all of them, nearly, being shot in the head and upper part of the body. The position was a very favorable one for them, but our artillery had a good range from an adjoining hill, and our men charged up the ascent with such impetuosity that some were bayoneted before they left their light breastworks. The road, for miles, was strewn with broken-down wagons, caissons and baggage of all kinds, presenting a scene seldom witnessed on the part of Lee's army.

Another letter from the Army of the Potomac dated April 12, says:

The final arrangements for the surrender of Lee's army were completed yesterday, and to-day they are at liberty to proceed to their homes, or elsewhere, as they choose. The terms granted were certainly of a very liberal character.

A large number of officers, together with thousands of the men of this army, express their dissatisfaction not only at the unprecedented liberality granted to the Army of Northern Virginia, but at the manner in which they were paroled and allowed to go their way, without our men being permitted to enjoy the results of their long struggle in the passage through the lines of Gen. Lee and his army; but it is claimed that this would have been humiliating to Gen. Lee and his officers, and that it is not the wish or desire of our government or commanders to act toward them in any way that would tend to irritate their feelings or make their position more intolerable than it actually is. The policy pursued may have been for the best, and our soldiers will submit, as they always do, to what is judged most wise.

The number of men that Gen. Lee claimed to be able to give up was 10,000 with muskets, with as many more men from the commissary, quarter-master, hospital and other departments—but officers who have been permitted to pass through their camp assert that not more than 7,000 or 8,000 will be found to have been surrendered.

The cavalry operating with Gen. Lee was also turned over, but only a small force with broken-down horses could be found, report stating that the best had been picked out and sent to Gen. Johnston.

The number of guns given up was thirty, with from three to four hundred wagons.

Very little ammunition, and no supplies were found.

As an evidence of the state of their commissary when they reached Farmville, the residents tell us they had been issuing ears of corn to the men for several days previous, but that a train from Lynchburg met them there with flour and pork, but of some 2,000 horses turned over to us not more than 200 were worthy to be found a single ration of forage for each.

Correspondence of the Herald.

The meeting between Generals Grant and Lee was eminently courteous on both sides. They had met to accomplish business, and they accomplished it in a straight-forward and soldier-like way. The minutes were drawn up on a small table and immediately made out in proper form, and signed by the two Generals on a marble-topped centre-table of somewhat antiquated fashion.

The large centre table on which the paper was finally signed was purchased by Gen. Ord for $50. Gen. Custer purchased the other table on which the minutes were made out for $25. The only trophies left Mr. McLean were the chairs occupied by the two Generals and the room itself in which the meeting took place.

Numerous offers were made for the chairs, but Mr. McLean steadily refused to part with them. Finally two cavalry officers, one of them a colonel, finding that they could not obtain the chairs by any other means, seized them by force and made off with them. They had endeavored to make the owner take money for them, but he had flung the proffered greenbacks on the floor. After they had been gone some time a cavalry officer rode up to the house, called Mr. McLean out, thrust a ten dollar note in his hand, and shouting "this is for the colonel's chair," rode off in not haste. Gen. Ord and Gen. Custer are both on the track of these gentlemen, and it is very probable that the chairs will be restored to their owner.

Correspondence of the World.

In the little reception room were pens, ink, and paper—all the simple pharaphernalia of a military conference. Grant received his guest with the simple, soldierly frankness that is part of his nature. As Lee, calm, dignified, perfectly self-possessed, advanced into the room, the Lieutenant-General arose, and both clasped hands. The rebel chief sank into the offered chair, and within a few minutes both were earnestly engaged discussing the terms of the capitulation.

The terms of the surrender having been arranged, Lee remarked upon the extreme destitution of his troops. They had had no supplies of any consequence, he said, for the last two days. "Even the prisoners I have taken from you, General," he remarked, "have suffered from lack of food. I could not help it. My own men have been almost starving."

Grant promptly declared to Lee that he would divide with him. He fulfilled his promise before nightfall by ordering rations of beef and coffee for twenty-five thousand men to be sent to the rebel commissary.

After a few minutes of private desultory conversation, Gen. Lee took his departure, Gen. Grant attending him to the door, and taking his hand at the threshold.

By 4 o'clock in the afternoon the two armies, which had been impatiently awaiting the result of the conference, knew that the articles of surrender had been signed. The discipline which was ordered by both commanders to be kept up along the picket-lines did not prevent the men and officers from intermingling congratulating each other, and thanking God and Lee and Grant in unison that the long agony of flight and pursuit was over. The soldiers of the Union catching the news as it flew, cheered until their throats were hoarse. Every band in the army became inspired with melodious fervor. The "*Marseillaise*," the "Star-Spangled Banner," the "Flag of our Union" were played and sung. Even the rollicking strains of "Dixie" rolled out from pipes of brass along the front, in courtesy to those who were foes no longer from this glorious day. Officers, from the Lieutenant-General down to colonels, were greeted with an uproarious tumult of delight. All—the Army of the Potomac, the Army of the James, the cavalry under Sheridan, the Army of Northern Virginia with a voice more subdued—gave sign of gladness.

If ever troops had cause to be glad, they were the Army of Northern Virginia. The army, fleeing across sixty miles of open country, had sacrificed everything. Its wagons, more than half its artillery, baggage, cooking utensils and supplies, had been wasted away. Nearly all the officers had attired themselves in their best clothes, in view of the certainty of losing everything else they had. Col. Marshall, Lee's Adjutant-General, said that neither the General, nor himself, nor any of the staff that he knew of had undressed for seven days. It had been one long, ceaseless, sleepless march, from the laboring and the suffering of which every one was ready to be rid, even at the price of defeat.

CUNNING MISREPRESENTATIONS.

From the Evening Post.

THE Richmond *Whig* of April 10, in an account of the review of some twelve thousand Union troops by Gen. Weitzel, states that "none of the colored troops appeared on parade on the occasion, but a separate display of them will probably take place before long." In its next issue, of the 11th, it remarks: "Since the occupation of Richmond the Union authorities have acted with the most scrupulous regard for the feelings of Mrs. General Lee. At first a colored guard was placed in front of the house on Franklin street, but upon it being represented that the exhibition was an insult to the lady of the mansion, the colored guard was withdrawn and a white guard substituted."

From these two paragraphs it might be supposed that our officers in command at Richmond had relapsed into the flunkeyism of three or four years ago. We do not believe this to be true; we prefer to suppose that there is some other satisfactory explanations to be made of these paragraphs in the *Whig*. If the colored troops were not paraded with the white troops, that was probably because they were employed at the time on service too important for them to be relieved from it even temporarily; and as to the colored guard of which Mrs. Lee is said to have complained as an insult to her, we suppose that they were relieved when their time expired and no sooner.

But the officers in command at Richmond ought not to forget that the secessionists who conduct papers and make gossip there, under what appears to be a very thin veil of pretended Unionism, are ever ready to take advantage of accidents to put a stain upon the character of soldiers whom they hate. They dare no longer spit in the faces of our men, as they did at New Orleans, but they can administer such covert insults as those we now extract from the *Whig*. What more disgraceful imputation could be put upon Gen. Weitzel, than to say that he would stigmatize his noble colored troops by submitting to the prejudices of over-sensitive rebels?

We hope the public, which has been somewhat impatient of any appearance, even, of mean subserviency to the pro-slavery spirit, will be gratified with the truth about the circumstances which the *Whig*, we are convinced, has cunningly distorted.

THE NEW TIMES IN RICHMOND.

Correspondence of the Times.

RICHMOND, Friday, April 7, 1865.

I CAN give you news, to-day, which will gratify the heart of every loyal American. Virginia will return to the Union, and that right speedily. Desiring to ascertain the exact truth with reference to the alleged existence of a strong Union sentiment in the city, I availed myself of an opportunity to call upon certain gentlemen here whom I had heard alluded to by secessionists as Union men, and I must say, that I spent two of the happiest hours of my life in full and free conversation with some of the most thorough and radical Union men in the country; men of wealth and position, whose faith has never wavered for an instant, and who, slaveholders as they are, *demand that Virginia shall be taken back into the Union "under the Emancipation Proclamation"; that no vestige of the rebellion shall be tolerated; that the usurpation, State and Confederate, which has wrecked Virginia, shall not be recognized in a single respect;* that the State government must be organized anew, by a convention of the people, as soon as that can be properly effected, and the State and its inhabitants thoroughly purged of treason in every shape.

Union sentiments, in this strong form exist here to a far greater extent than has yet been conceived not alone among the poorer classes—mechanics and laborers—*but in wealthy and influential circles, where may be found men who have never lost faith in the Union;* who have confidently anticipated its triumph, and who greeted the old flag with tears of joy. They are men of the John Minor Botts school, and they are the leaven which shall leaven the whole lump here in this venerable old commonwealth of Virginia. They will delight to see the mass of the people treated with magnanimity, but they have felt too deeply the iron heel of despotism to permit the amnesty of the prominent leaders of the rebellion. I am not at liberty to-day to mention the names of the most prominent of these men; but were I to do so, many of your readers would recognize them as of the most sterling character.

THE SOUTHERN CHURCHES.

Nashville Correspondence of the Time

ALREADY I have noticed the breaking up of one religious society in Nashville. My inquiries here led me to believe that such instances of organized bodies undergoing annihilation are not numerous in the larger cities of the South; but that in the rural districts they are quite common. The close of this war will probably find one-half of the Southern congregations as having "slept their last sleep" with the soldiers whom they stimulated to engage in the horrid work of subverting the government. The colleges have ceased to furnish a supply of preachers; many of those who were pastors of churches have taken up arms or entered the rebel service as chaplains. Meantime the poor sheep are allowed to wander upon the hills. The church edifices here, in many instances, have been set apart as hospitals alike by Union and rebel generals. All these things have contributed to diminish attendance on "the means of grace," and in many localities to put a stop to preaching altogether.

In their creed nothing could be more orthodox than a majority of the Southern people. Their leading men could smell from afar off the slighest scent of heresy in the air, especially if it had any bearing on the curse pronounced upon Canaan. But Old School and Cumberland Presbyterians have forgotten their dispute about the extent of the atonement; Calvinist and Methodist about the five points; Episcopalian and Presbyterian about church government; and Baptist and Pedobaptist about water to divide on the question of *loyalty or disloyalty*. That is the one living issue in religion as in politics at the South to-day. Need I add that, as the greater number of the churches committed themselves openly to disunion and war, they are as organizations morally certain to perish? In this case the prediction, "All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword," has a fearfully fatal verification. Hence it will be found that with the return of peace, the North must not only give the South men and women, schools and newspapers, but churches, religion, ministers, teachers, money—everything. What a field!

GOV. BROWNLOW'S INAUGURAL.

[Governor Brownlow was inaugurated Governor of Tennessee on the 5th inst. In the course of his speech he thus alluded to the condition of slavery in Tennessee:]

GENTLEMEN: Your amended Constitution wipes out the institution of slavery, and denies to the Legislature, in all time to come, the right to recognize property in man. In this sweeping act of emancipation you have, in due time, abated a nuisance which, for years past, has obstructed all the avenues to agricultural, mechanical, manufacturing, and commercial development. In this emergency the duty of prompt action becomes imperative, and even the advocates of gradual emancipation, which means the gradual putting down of the rebellion, found themselves powerless in the claims of a higher civil and State necessity, which demand the prompt abatement of the evil. The wicked authors of this rebellion were told that in the Union and under the Constitution their slave property was safe, and that it could not be safe anywhere else. Not one year elapsed after the war commenced before the institution of slavery, in all the border States, became utterly demoralised. The owner lost all control over his slaves, and the slave having got out of the Union, and from under the Constitution, has either been itinerating at will or lying around loose. The history of the past shows to every candid mind that slavery has conferred no benefits upon Tennessee. It has been a stumbling-block in the way of her advancement. Her people have felt the effect of its degrading influence, and her growth and prosperity have been retarded by the exclusion from her borders of both capital and educated labor.

NOT WEAKNESS NOR VENGEANCE, BUT JUSTICE.

From the Evening Post.

To pardon a criminal is one thing, to let him go untried is quite another. The President and the Governors of States are invested, wisely, with the power, for proper cause, to pardon persons convicted of crime; but if the Governors of this State had given orders to the public prosecutors not to bring to trial the July rioters, and had called this the exercise of the pardoning power, he would have committed a grave error, to say the least.

We trust the President is not about to commit such a mistake. The rebel army of Gen. Lee has surrendered upon terms proposed by Gen. Grant—terms which we think wise and admirable. They are dismissed to their homes on parole not to take up arms unless regularly exchanged. They have become, therefore, non-combatants—and they are assured that so long as they remain thus, and obey the laws of the land, they will not be molested. But in these terms are not included the original fomenters of the rebellion, the conspirators, most of whom, with Davis at their head, are now flying through the Southern States. To these cruel wretches nothing has been promised; and nothing can be promised except a fair trial, and a rigid administration of the punishment which court and jury may decree. To suffer them to walk the streets of any town where our flag flies, to deal with them in any respect except as criminals of the deepest dye, to be arrested, tried, and, if convicted, punished, is a gross wrong.

The blood of the South as well as of the North cries out against these men. Justice is injustice and law contemptible while they are at large and within the reach of the United States government. The President may pardon them, if he chooses to do so, after they have been convicted; but to let them run at large in the country, not to apprehend them and consign them to durance wherever he can, this is not law, but contempt for law, and while we do not for a moment suppose that the President means to act unlawfully, we do know how far his kind heart and merciful disposition may carry him.

Would you hang Davis, and Campbell, and Hunter, and Benjamin, and Breckinridge, and Wigfall, and the score or hundred other leaders and originators of the rebellion, then? some reader will ask. Well, if you ask the question of the poor fellows who have just come, wasted skeletons, starved, frozen, and in every way inhumanely used, from the prisons in which threescore or a hundred traitors confined them, they will probably reply, Certainly, hanging is too good for them. If you ask the Southern loyalists who have been, by the order of these rebel leaders, hunted with bloodhounds, shot like wild beasts, robbed and imprisoned in loathsome dungeons, they too will say "Yes." If you ask the poor of Richmond who

Woodford remarked in a public address at Charleston: "When I see a man approaching me with a musket in his hand, under the flag of my country, I do not stop to inquire whether he is white or black, for I know that he is my friend and brother." These are the opinions of our millitary men, based upon the closest personal contact and observation. That the President shares in them, is evident from the suggestion in his speech.

When and how this change in the condition of the Southern blacks shall be made, and in what manner we shall avoid the clashing of discordant views upon it, is a question which the highest wisdom of statesmanship will be required to solve. The freedmen will need to be educated and disciplined in an understanding of the rights and responsibilities of citizenship first. This presupposes a vast improvement, which can be accomplished only by years of tuition. But, having recognized at the outset the justice and expediency of the course, we may shape our measures to its final and natural accomplishment. We must give the liberated blacks property rights, education, social organization. And if these shall develop in them such capabilities as warrant us in conferring the right of suffrage upon the peasant man from Ireland, the peasant from Germany, then we may safely trust the States to take such action as they may deem advisable in determining the qualities of their citizens.

National Anti-Slavery Standard

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1865.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The Thirty-second Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society will be held in the City of New York (probably at the Church of the Puritans on Union Square), on Tuesday, May 9th, at 10 o'clock, a.m.

The Executive Committee urge upon all the members of the Society a prompt attendance at this meeting. The questions to come before it are of the greatest importance. Some members of the Committee propose in view of the almost certain ratification of the Anti-Slavery Amendment of the United States Constitution to dissolve the Society at this Annual Meeting; while others would postpone such dissolution until the ratification of that Amendment is officially proclaimed; and others still advocate continuing the Society's existence until all the civil rights of the negro are secured.

Beside this, whichever of these views receives the sanction of the Society, there is the further question whether the Standard shall be continued.

On these and other accounts our deliberations will be most interesting and important, and ought to assemble all the members and earnest friends of the Society.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, President.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, CHARLES C. BURLEIGH, } Secretaries.

THE PRESIDENT ASSASSINATED BY SLAVERY.

A mighty change has come over the land since we spoke last week of the rejoicings which made the day resound and the night resplendent over the broad domain of the Nation. The merry peals from the spires have given place to funereal death-knells, the saluting cannon speak only in the measured tone which announces a nation's grief, the cheerful exhilaration of military music is exchanged for the muffled drum and the funeral march, the illuminations which made tens of thousands of homes brilliant are replaced by the melancholy draperies of public sorrow. And it is a real sorrow that finds expression in these outward signs. They come from the heart and denote that within that passes show. When the tidings were flashed to the ends of the country that Abraham Lincoln had died by the hand of an assassin, every honest man felt as if Death in some hideous shape had entered his own household and laid low some beloved head. The tears of bearded men fell as if they had just heard of a private and domestic sorrow. Seldom in all history has there been an instance in which the death of a great Magistrate has been so truly felt as a personal calamity. And the horror which accompanied the fact gave it a keener pang, a sharper pain. America never knew a grief like this. Washington alone ever received such a unanimity of sorrow. But he died full of years, his career of honors accomplished and in the due course of nature. There was no indignation and horror mingled with that distress. The streets last Saturday were a sight to see. No smile relaxed any countenance of man or woman. Dearest friends exchanged stern salutations that day, for their thoughts were far away and full of grief mingled with righteous anger. All that was respectable of political antagonism was melted into one common affliction in the presence of this terrible crime and calamity. The baser sort were awed into silence or summarily chastised if they dared to utter their treasonous thought. Abraham Lincoln received a eulogy of universal and heartfelt grief such as few public men have ever had, and which will only be faintly echoed in the words which will be uttered in his praise.

He now belongs to history, to the whole world and to all coming time. Side by side with Washington, if that august shadow do not reverently yield him place, he will pass down through the ages, renewed and blest, till time is no more. For the blessings which he has been the instrument under Providence of bestowing on his country and the race will develop themselves more and more as time goes forward, and extend themselves to the ends of the earth. He has the felicity of connecting his name with great changes in human condition, which only can make a name immortal among men. Conquerors and statesmen and poets are forgotten in time, or remembered only by a studious class, while the benefactors of mankind, whose benefactions are a part of daily personal and national life, are incorporated with a nation's being. One of these fortunate men was Abraham Lincoln. No name more illustrious will shine on the page of history, none more beloved will be a daily household word on the lips of obscure millions. For his name is inseparably associated with acts which gave freedom to an enslaved race and delivered a nation from a cruel and vindictive, yet despicable tyranny. The true freedom of the white as well as the black race in America, and throughout the world, will forever own its obligations to his services in its behalf. While we mourn with bitter grief over his untimely death, we feel that he had done a lifetime's work in the four years of his public life, and that as far as his fame is concerned he had won all the noblest ambition could aspire to. And this, because he asked for no such meed and thought not of it. No magistrate ever had such a work to do, surrounded with such difficulties and obstacles. And as soon as the tumult of events will permit them to be candidly examined, it will be admitted that his conduct has been wise and sagacious, as well as disinterested and magnanimous, in a measure rarely known among the ruling spirits of mankind.

This terrible catastrophe, which has plunged the Nation in mourning, has obvious teachings which an Anti-Slavery organ may not pass by in silence, although they must be evident to every reflecting mind. It shows the degrading and diabolizing effects of slavery on the minds of its fanatics with a concentrated effect which its manifestations on a larger scale do not always produce. The cowardice which aimed a shot at the back of the head of an unsuspecting man, the cruelty which struck a blow at the throat of one helpless from physical hurts in his bed, and the folly which sought revenge for injuries done to Slavery by murdering the two men who of all the twenty millions of loyal men were the most mercifully disposed to the rebels Slavery had made, all these qualities have been nursed by Slavery to this height of malignant fanaticism. Slavery will be better known of all men by this epitome of its teachings in the persons of the illustrious dead and the eminent man who we hope may yet survive, than in that of millions of slaves or even thousands of murdered persons. And we believe that this cruel calamity will be blest by a sterner line of treatment of the slaveholding rebels than the humane and generous heart of Lincoln liked to permit. His successor has been brought up in the best of schools for learning how such malefactors should be treated. We think he will temper Mercy with Justice. But that is for the future, though the immediate future. The present hour belongs to the dead, to the memory of what he has done to make this country worth living in by its sons and an example fit to be set to foreign nations. The gloom of to-day is ours. The glory of all time is his. And yet it is ours as well.

MR. PHILLIPS AND THE STANDARD.

We print to-day a Letter from Mr. Phillips, occasioned by the leading article, on the approaching Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, in the Standard of the 8th inst. We regret that we did not receive it in season for our last issue, as we are desirous that the subject should have the fullest consideration as well before as at the time of the Meeting. We hardly need say to our readers that there is no difference of opinion between us and Mr. Phillips as to the importance of securing the right of suffrage to the Negro in the Reconstruction of the rebel States. The assertion of the equal civil and political rights of the black with the white man has always been a recognized duty of all Abolitionists, and we are bold to affirm that this paper has never failed in it. The only question between us, as to that matter, is, how that equality of rights can be best asserted, in the present condition of the country. He thinks, apparently, that the continued existence of the American Anti-Slavery Society is most important, if not essential, to the due discharge of that duty. We think that such continued existence is at best immaterial and indifferent, and that the work can be as well if not better done without its help.

We entirely agree with Mr. Phillips as to the duty of all Anti-Slavery men to be diligent in their business as Abolitionists as long as there remains any vestige of technical or virtual Slavery within the National domain. If he and a majority of the Meeting next month think that they can do this better by continuing the existence of the Society, the minority will make no factious opposition, but leave them to do their work in the way that commends itself to their sense of duty. In such case, we of the minority shall claim the equal right of withholding our active coöperation with them. We beg him to believe that we have no purpose of forsaking the service of the slaves as long as there is one held even technically in bondage, or of the Freedmen after every fetter is broken, as long as they are deprived of any civil or political privilege possessed by any white man. But we think that the cause of the Negro has far transcended the limits and the functions of any voluntary association. It is the Nation's work, and the Nation acknowledges it to be so. It is the recognized business of the Cabinet, of Congress, of the political parties, of the Churches, of the great body of the people. It is our privilege to work with these great forces, as a part of them or in concert with them. The American Anti-Slavery Society was a necessity thirty years ago, and has been until now, or very recently, because all these agencies were arrayed in deadly hostility against the Negro. The public mind had to be purified by long moral agitation and fitted to profit by the calamities which slavery was to bring upon the Nation. It has encountered them and learned the lesson they were sent to teach. Slavery is dead, or at worst, in its death agony. The Nation sees that it can have no permanent peace and good government until it is trampled out of existence. The American Anti-Slavery Society was gathered to bring about this state of things. Having brought it about, it may honorably and gracefully cease from its specific work. If the Cabinet, the Congress, the Churches, the political parties and the great body of the people had received Garrison when he first went to them with his message from God as they do now, there would have been no need of his forming the American Anti-Slavery Society. Having now received it, through and after much tribulation, the Society, it seems to us, comes naturally to an end. Its position has been sublime in the time past; it should be careful lest, by refusing to see the changed aspects of the time present, it become ridiculous.

Mr. Phillips says, "the Editors of the Standard suggest to the members that they may retire into the ranks of the Freedmen's Associations." If he will read our article again he will see that we made no such suggestion. The only allusion made to those associations was in the statement that we should decline acting with the American Anti-Slavery Society, if it should decide to act as one, after Slavery had been abolished—which, if we understand him, Mr. Phillips contemplates as at least a possibility. Those associations, undoubtedly, will receive the coöperation of all Abolitionists, but they occupy but a small part of the field of political, ecclesiastical and social action that invites their activity. As we understand their scope, those associations look far beyond the mere alms-giving against which Mr. Phillips protests as an insult to the Negro. They include, we believe everything that he himself demands. If we do not mistake them, they are as resolute as he for the extension of the suffrage to the Negro. But in order that there may be Negro Suffrage, there must be Negroes, and self-supporting and intelligent ones. That there may be Negroes, they must be fed during the transition stage; that they may be self-supporting, they must be furnished with land and means to cultivate it, and protection against extortion and oppression; that they may be intelligent, they must have school-teachers. When they are able to provide for themselves in all these particulars, of course these associations will gladly cease from their labors of help and oversight. But this is aside from our purpose.

We desire Mr. Phillips and all who agree with him as to the continuing of the Society to remember that there is no difference of opinion on our part who differ from them in this particular, as to the duty of all of us towards the Negroes, before and after they shall have been set technically free by the adoption of the Amendment. It is merely a question of means and instrumentalities. It seems to us that the American Anti-Slavery Society is superseded by the world that has come up to do its work. We are no longer a peculiar people, though still, we hope, zealous of good works. We think that we should joyfully accept the new situation, for it *is* the situation, whether we accept it or not. We could wish that the Society with which we have identified ourselves for the best part of our lives might finish its course with dignity as well as joy. We do not see how it can distinguish itself from the world around it, now, excepting by the splitting of hairs, by making distinctions without differences, and by cavillings and carpings such as have made Anti-Slavery Meetings of late neither pleasant nor profitable. We think that we can bestow our time and pains more advantageously for the Negroes and for the country, as well as more profitably to ourselves, upon other methods, such as the changed world we live in may demand or create.

To the charge Mr. Phillips makes against the Editors of the Standard of a "blind partisanship which has made it the mere organ of the Administration," we shall condescend to make no reply. Let our readers judge between us whether we deserve it or not. We know that Abolitionists tried and true as he have blamed us for the very opposite fault of undue severity and even injustice towards the Administration. We claim to have observed the impartial course our office demanded of us towards it. However this may be, we shall shortly retire with the knowledge that we have done our duty to the best of our judgment and ability and to the satisfaction of the Executive Committee who appointed us.

APPALLING TRAGEDY!

ASSASSINATION AND DEATH OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

THE DIABOLISM OF SLAVERY ILLUSTRATED.

The readers of this paper, long before it can reach their hands, will have been startled and appalled by the tidings, sent by that swift messenger the electric telegraph to every part of the country, that Abraham Lincoln, the beloved and venerated President of the United States, has fallen a victim to the cowardly vengeance of the beaten, baffled and dying Slave Power! He was deliberately murdered by a pistol-shot through the brain, while quietly sitting in a private box at Ford's Theatre, on Friday evening, April 14th, the assassin approaching him stealthily from behind.

The circumstances attending and following the terrible tragedy we proceed briefly to set forth:

In the Washington papers of Friday it was announced that the President and his wife and Gen. Grant would on the evening of that day be present at Ford's Theatre to witness the representation of the *American Cousin*. Both the President and Mrs. Lincoln were reluctant to attend the theatre, but the former thought they had better go, for the reason that Gen. Grant would not be there, and the public would be disappointed (it having been so prominently announced) if they did not attend. It was the intention of Secretary Stanton to join them at the theatre, but pressing business prevented his going. Before starting for the theatre the President was visited by the Hon. Schuyler Colfax and the Hon. George Ashmun, with whom he conversed with great cheerfulness. The latter desiring to see him on special business, and there being no time to attend to it then, the President took out a card and, placing it on his knee, wrote on it as follows:

"Allow Mr. Ashmun and friend to come to me at nine a.m. to-morrow. A. LINCOLN."
"April 14, '65."

These were the last words that he penned. It was the last time that he signed his name to any order document or message. He warmly pressed Messrs. Colfax and Ashmun to accompany him to the theatre, but previous engagements compelled them to decline the invitation.

Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln entered the carriage to go to the theatre at about 8 o'clock, and as they did so they bade a cheerful adieu to Mr. Colfax and Mr. Ashmun, who had passed out of the Executive mansion with them. The carriage was driven to the residence of Senator Harris, where others were to join them. A few minutes later, the Presidential party of four persons—namely, the President and Mrs. Lincoln, Miss Clara Harris and Major H. R. Rathbun, of Albany, step-son of Senator Harris, arrived at the theatre and entered the front and left hand upper private box.

The murder was perpetrated during the second scene of the third act of the play, the assassin having entered the box without exciting the notice of the President or any of his friends. Suddenly the report of a pistol was heard, and Major Rathbun, looking round, saw the flash, and dimly, through the smoke the form of the murderer, not more than six feet from the President. As the Major sprang towards him he heard him shriek some word like "freedom." He then seized him. The assassin shook loose from his grasp and at the same time made a violent thrust at his left breast with the knife which he held in his hand. Major Rathbun caught the blow on his left arm near the shoulder, and at once sprang for him again, but only succeeded in grasping his clothing, which he partly tore from him as he leaped from the box to the stage. The murderer, on reaching the stage, assumed a tragical posture, flourishing a dagger, turned and faced the audience, shouting, "*Sic semper tyrannis!*" also "*The South is avenged!*" in a tone sufficiently distinct to be heard in all parts of the theatre. The audience, of course, were shocked and dumbfounded. The suddenness of the affair and the melodramatic manner in which the desperado went through his performance gave to the whole thing the appearance of being part of the play. As quick as a flash he disappeared at the rear of the stage, followed by J. B. Stewart, a lawyer of Washington, who only missed him by about four feet, as the door was closed by the assassin in his face. The delay in getting it open again gave him a few seconds' start, and he made his escape.

Maj. Rathbun then rushed to the President and to the aid of Mrs. Lincoln, who, for the first time realizing what had occurred, was shrieking for help. The President had not changed his position, except that his eyes were closed and his head slightly bent forward. Maj. Rathbun saw at a glance that he was mortally wounded. Surgical aid was obtained as quickly as possible, when it was found that the ball of the assassin had entered the back of the President's head and penetrated nearly through to the front. The dying man was at once removed to the house of Mr. Peterson in Tenth street, directly opposite the Theatre, where, at 22 minutes past 7 on Saturday morning, he breathed his last. At his bedside were the Secretary of War, Secretary of the Navy, Secretary of the Interior, Postmaster-General and the Attorney-General; Senator Sumner, General Farnsworth, Gen. Todd, cousin to Mrs. Lincoln; Major Hay, M. B. Field, Gen. Halleck, Maj.-Gen. Meigs, Rev. Dr. Gurley, Gov. Oglesby, of Illinois; Drs. E. N. Abbott, R. K. Stone, C. D. Hatch, Neal, Hall and Lieberman. In the adjoining room were Mrs. Lincoln, her son, Capt. Robert Lincoln; Miss Harris, and two or three other friends. Mrs. Lincoln, as might have been expected, was almost prostrated by the terrible blow. Capt. Robert Lincoln, the President's son, is said to have borne himself with great firmness through the distressing scene, and endeavored to assuage the grief of his mother by entreating her to put her trust in God.

After the President had ceased to breathe, the Rev. Dr. Gurley, Pastor of the Church in which the illustrious dead had worshipped since he became President, knelt at the bedside and offered up a fervent prayer. From the moment that the President was shot up to his death he was insensible, and exhibited no sign of pain, recognized no person, and, in fact, did not once open his eyes. Vice President Johnson visited the President during the night, but remained only about an hour. In fact, many of those who had rushed to assist in taking care of the patient found that their presence obstructed rather than gave assistance, and therefore left. Among these were many members of Congress and Western men.

Mr. M. B. Field, who was present when Mr. Lincoln breathed his last, says in a letter to the *Times*:

"There was no apparent suffering, no convulsive action, no rattling of the throat, none of the ordinary premonitory symptoms of death. Death in this case was a mere cessation of breathing. The eyes, after death, were not, particularly the right one, entirely closed. I closed them myself with my fingers, and one of the surgeons brought pennies and placed them on the eyes, and subsequently substituted for them silver half dollars. In a very short time the jaw commenced slightly falling, although the body was still warm. I called attention to this, and had it immediately tied up with a pocket handkerchief. The expression immediately after death was purely negative, but in fifteen minutes there came over the mouth, the nostrils, and the chin, a smile that seemed almost an effort of life. I had never seen upon the President's face a smile more genial and pleasing."

Soon after 9 o'clock the body was placed in a temporary coffin and removed, under military escort, to the White House, followed by an immense crowd of people. As the procession passed, the people thronging the streets stood uncovered, silent and tearful!

In the course of the day the surgeons made an autopsy of the body, from which it appeared that the wound, which was half an inch in diameter, was on the left side of the head, behind, on a line with and three inches from the left ear. The course of the ball was obliquely forward, toward the right eye, crossing the brain obliquely a few inches behind the eye, where the ball lodged. In the track of the wound were found fragments of bone which had been driven forward by the ball. The ball was found imbedded in the anterior lobe of the west hemisphere of the brain. The ball was evidently a Deringer, hand cast, and from which the neck had been clipped.

The body was temporarily laid out in the "guests room," in the second story of the North-west corner of the White House. The correspondent of the *Herald* writing on Sunday, says:

"The body was dressed in the suit of plain black worn by him on the occasion of his last inauguration. Upon his pillow and over the breast of the corpse were scattered white flowers and green leaves, offerings of affection. The features are natural. A placid smile is upon the lips. The eyes and upper part of the cheeks are still discolored by the effects of the cruel shot which caused his death. The face, however, is natural, and the broad brow and firm jaw remain as in the portraits of the late President, so familiar to the people. It was proposed to remove the discoloration from the face by chemical process, but the Secretary of War insisted that that was a part of the history of the event, and it should be allowed to remain as an evidence to the thousands who would view the body when it shall be laid in state, of the death which this martyr to his ideas of justice and right had suffered. The body was covered with a white cloth, and over the features was thrown a fine cambric handkerchief. A guard of honor has been present in this chamber of death ever since the body was thus laid out. Gens. Augur, Haskins and Howe, each attended by subaltern officers, have been alternately watchers beside the great dead.

"The grand *catafalque* upon which the body of Mr. Lincoln is to be laid in state is being erected in the East Room under the direction of John Alexander, Esq. the upholsterer of the White House. It is to be placed across the breadth of the room, east and west, opposite the door leading from the reception rooms. The floor of the *catafalque*, upon which the coffin will be placed, is about four feet above the level of the floor. It will be approached on either side by one step. Above there is a canopy, fluted inside with white silk. The whole *catafalque* otherwise will be covered with black alpaca, with a funeral pall of black velvet. The mirrors will be covered with black alpaca, with centres of white crape, and the cornices also covered with black.

"The funeral car has been designed by Mr. S. M. Clark, Architect of the Treasury. It will be a magnificent affair fourteen feet in length. The bed of the car will be eight feet from the ground, draped with black cloth and velvet festooned with white. The whole will be massive in appearance."

The coffin is of mahogany, is covered with black cloth, and lined with lead, the latter also being covered with white satin.

A silver plate upon the coffin over the breast bears the following inscription:

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,
SIXTEENTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,
Born July 12, 1809.
Died April 15, 1865.

The remains have been embalmed.

A few locks of hair were removed from the President's head for the family previous to the remains being placed in the coffin.

On Tuesday, from 10 to 5 o'clock, the body lay in state in the East Room, and it is estimated that not less than 25,000 people came to look at the face of the illustrious dead. Every class, race and condition of society was represented in the throng of mourners and the sad tears and farewells of whites and blacks were mingled by the coffin of him to whom humanity was everywhere the same. The most touching exhibitions of sorrow were made by many whose dress marked them as of the poorer classes of society.

The features of Mr. Lincoln retain their sweet, placid, natural expression, and the discoloration caused by the wound is so slight as not to amount to a disfigurement.

We close our columns at the very time appointed for the funeral—Wednesday noon. The following is the order of exercises:

Reading a portion of the Scriptures by Rev. Dr. Hall.
Opening prayer, by Bishop Simpson.
Funeral address, by Rev. Dr. Gurley.
Closing prayer, by Rev. Dr. Gray.

The corpse will be conveyed to the Capitol, where Dr. Gurley will repeat the service and pronounce the benediction.

So many who wished to see the face of the lamented President were unable to do so on Tuesday, that an arrangement was made for the body to lie in state at the Capitol on Thursday. It is to be conveyed to Springfield, Ill., for interment, according to the following programme:

The remains will leave Washington at 8 a.m. of Friday, the 21st; arrive at Baltimore at 10.

Leave Baltimore at 3 p.m., and arrive at Harrisburg at 8:20 p.m.

Leave Harrisburg at 12 m., 22d, and arrive at Philadelphia at 6:30 p. m.

Leave Philadelphia at 4 a.m. of Monday the 24th, and arrive at New York at 10.

Leave New York at 4 p.m. of the 25th, and arrive at Albany at 11 p. m.

Leave Albany at 4 p.m. of Wednesday the 26th, and arrive at Buffalo at 7 a.m of Thursday, the 27th.

Leave Buffalo at 10 minutes past 10 the same day and arrive at Cleveland at 7 a.m. of Friday the 28th.

Leave Cleveland at midnight, same day, and arrive at Columbus, at 7:30 a.m. of Saturday, 29th.

Leave Columbus 8p.m., same day, and arrive at Indianapolis at 7 a.m. of Sunday the 30th.

Leave Indianapolis midnight of the same day and arrive at Chicago at 11 a.m. of Monday, May 1.

Leave Chicago at 9:30 p.m, of May 2, and arrive at Springfield at 8 a.m. of Monday, May 3.

The railways over which the remains will pass are declared military roads, subject to the order of the War Department, and the railroads, locomotives, cars and engines engaged on said transportation will be subject to the military control of Brig.-Gen. McCallum.

No person will be allowed to be transported on the cars constituting the funeral train, save those who are specially authorized by the orders of the War Department. The funeral train will not exceed nine cars including baggage and hearse car, which will proceed over the whole route from Washington to Springfield.

At the various points on the route where the remains are to be taken from, the hearse car by State or Municipal authorities to receive public honors according to the aforesaid programme, the authorities will make such arrangements as may be fitting and appropriate for the occasion, under the direction of the military commander of the Division Department or District; but the remains will continue always under the special charge of the officers and escort assigned by the War Department.

THE MURDERER AND HIS ACCOMPLICES.

The man who took the President's life was, unquestionably, J. Wilkes Booth, a brother of Edwin Booth, the actor—a Marylander by birth and a thorough sympathizer with the rebellion. Says the correspondent of the *Herald*:

"There is now no doubt that more than two were connected with the tragic occurrence. Information has been obtained showing that six or more were engaged in it. The authorities believe, from their investigations, that there were a number of aiders and abettors besides the principal actors. It is now definitely ascertained that John Wilkes Booth is the murderer of President Lincoln. There are stories afloat showing that long ago he manifested a disposition to become an actor in some such great tragedy. A vast amount of testimony has been taken on the subject, showing that it was his intention to have committed the deed on the 4th of March last: but this is irrelevant to the question of immediate interest. On Friday last he dined at Weleker's restaurant, the most fashionable one in the city. After dinner he returned to the National Hotel. When he was leaving he was noticed by Mr. Merritt, the clerk, to be unusually pale and nervous. He asked for a sheet of paper and an envelope, and commenced to write a letter at the public counter. Observing that a number of people were at the counter, he requested to be allowed to write at the private desk, which request was acceded to. While writing he inquired whether it was 1864 or 1865, and was answered 'Don't you know the year you live in?' Upon finishing his letter he deposited it in the mail box and proceeded to his room. About 7 o'clock he came down to the office, and, upon handing his key to Mr. Bunker, the clerk on duty, the later remarked his unusual paleness and marble-like appearance, and asked if he was ill. He answered quickly, 'No,' and asked, 'Are you going to Ford's Theatre to-night?' Mr. Bunker replied, 'No.' He said, 'You ought to go; there is to be some splendid acting there to-night.' The next heard of Booth was a little after 7 o'clock, when he, in company with five others, entered the drinking saloon of George Harry, adjoining Ford's Theatre and all of them drank together. The emphasis of their manner in taking the drink attracted attention. After drinking they formally shook hands with each other, bidding one another good-bye.

"Detectives are on the hunt. The most expert men in the profession, from New York and other cities, are here for this purpose. Col. L. C. Baker also arrived to-day, and is engaged in ferreting out the assassins. It is believed they will be caught within twenty-four hours.

"Numerous arrests have been made and more are constantly being made of parties suspected of complicity in the conspiracy. Most of the persons arrested are discharged after examination, they establishing their innocence. Some of them are held for further examination and developments or as witnesses.

"The investigation has already, it is believed, given the authorities the clue to the whole conspiracy, and proved that parties are implicated who are at present unsuspected by the public. The whole matter is being fully sifted, and in due time the plot will be revealed with all its ramifications, and the guilty parties, whether principals or accessories, brought to punishment."

The Washington *Star* says:

"Developments have been made showing conclusively the existence of a deep laid plot on the part of a gang of conspirators, including members of the Order of the 'Knights of the Golden Circle,' to murder President Lincoln and his Cabinet. We have reason to belive that Secretary Seward received, several months since, an intimation from Europe that something of a very desperate character was to transpire at Washington; and it is more than probable that the intimation had reference to the plot of assassination."

There is evidence that the murder was deliberately planned in the following facts stated by a correspondent of the *Herald*:

"The box in which the President was assassinated is entered from a narrow, dark hallway, which in turn is separated from the dress circle by a small door. The examination of the premises discloses the fact that the assassin had fully and deliberately prepared and arranged them for his diabolical purpose previous to the assembling of the audience. A piece of board one inch thick, six inches wide and about three feet in length served for a bar, one end being placed in an indentation excavated in the wall for the purpose about four feet from the floor, and the other against the moulding of the door pannel a few inches higher than the end in the wall, so that it would be impossible to jar it out of place by knocking on the door on the outside. The demon having thus guarded against intrusion by any of the audience, next proceeded to prepare a means of observing the position of the parties inside the box. With a gimlet or small bit he bored a hole in the door panel which he afterwards reamed out with his knife so as to leave it a little larger than a buck shot on the inside, while it was sufficiently large on the outside in the dark entry for him to place his eye against it with convenience, and see the position occupied by the President and his friends. Both box doors were perforated in like manner. But there were spring locks on each of these doors, and it was barely possible that they might be fastened. To provide against such an emergency the screws which fasted the bolt-hasps to the wood had been partially withdrawn, and left so that while they would hold the hasps to the wood they would afford little or no resistance to a firm pressure upon the door from the outside.

"Having thus provided for a sure and easy entrance to the box, the next business was to insure a clear and unobstructed passage to the locality of the victim by such an arrangement of the chairs and sofas as would place the other occupants at considerable distance from him. The rocking or easy chair occupied by Mr. Lincoln was found in the front corner of the box farthest from the stage. Another, for Mrs. Lincoln, a little more remote from the front while the other chairs and a sofa were all placed on the side nearest the stage, leaving the centre of the spacious box clear for the bloody operations of the actor. These preparations were neither conceived by a maddened brain, designed by a fool, nor executed by a drunkard. They bear most unmistakable evidence of genius, industry and perseverance in the perfect accomplishment of a deliberate murder."

The assassin of Mr. Lincoln left behind him his hat and his spur. The hat was picked up in the President's box, and has been identified by parties to whom it has been shown as the one belonging to the suspected man, and by other parties not allowed to see it before describing it. The spur was dropped upon the stage, and that also has been identified as the one procured at a stable where the same man hired a horse in the evening.

Booth, the murderer of the President, had not at last advices been arrested, but it is believed that he cannot escape. The City Council of Washington has offered a reward of $20,000 for his arrest and that of his accomplices. The War Department, besides, has offered a reward of $10,000, and the city government of Baltimore also $10,000.

Attempted Assassination of Hon. W. H. Seward.

FREDERICK W. SEWARD ALMOST KILLED WHILE DEFENDING HIS FATHER.

In other columns we have given an account of the murder of Abraham Lincoln by J. Wilkes Booth, a notorious sympathizer with the treasonable and bloody South in her efforts to overthrow the government of the United States; but we have yet to record the fact, that almost at the same moment when the fatal bullet penetrated the President's brain, another assassin—beyond all doubt an accomplice of Booth—made an attempt to take the life of the Hon. William H. Seward, who was lying in bed, suffering from a broken arm and a fractured jaw, the results of a recent accident, of which we gave our readers an account last week. Frederick W. Seward, who was watching at his father's bedside, while attempting to defend him, was prostrated by a blow from a pistol which fractured his skull and almost killed him. For two days there seemed small ground to hope for his recovery, but while we are writing news is received that his symptoms are better and that his life may possibly be saved.

The particulars of the assault are clearly, and, we presume, accurately stated by Mr. Thurlow Weed as follows:

"It occasions surprise that, while four persons were in the room with Mr. Seward, the assassin was enabled to escape. The hall bell is usually answered by the butler, but on that occasion a small colored boy went to the door, past whom the assassin rushed. He encountered Frederick Seward at the door of his father's lodging room, in the third story, repeating the pretense that he had a "prescription" to be delivered personally. On being told that he could not go in, he struck Frederick two stunning blows upon the temples with a heavy revolver. Frederick's fall startled Augustus, who encountered the assassin on his way to the bed, receiving three stabs from a large bowie-knife which was instantly and fiercely applied to the throat and face of Mr. S. Meantime a soldier-nurse caught the ruffian around the body, and while he was thrusting the knife backward at the soldier, Mr. Seward got off the bed, when the assassin left, overtaking Mr. Hansell, the messenger, on his way down stairs to give an alarm, and stabbing him in the back. He left his revolver in Mr. Seward's apartment, and threw his bowie-knife on the sidewalk in front of the house. Frederick's condition, if not hopeless, is most critical. It is feared that in removing the fragments of his perforated skull some splinter was left pressing upon the brain. The circumstance which inspires hope is that his repose has been as quiet as that of a sleeping infant, pulse natural, and feet warm. Monday morning early there was a brief interval of consciousness, when he articulated once feebly, and shook his head on being asked if he did not feel better."

The assassin succeeded in getting out of the house and making his escape. A special dispatch to the *Times* dated Sunday, says:

"The pistol with which Frederick was struck is very heavy. It was left with the assassin's slouched hat in the apartment.

"Mr. Seward's throat and face were frightfully gashed with a bowie-knife. While in this terrible conflict, the wounded soldier [nurse] clinging to the assassin, Mr. Seward threw himself from the bed upon the floor, where, when it was over, he lay in a pool of blood.

"The door-bell was answered by a small colored boy, who told the assassin that he could not go up stairs, but he rushed by him and encountered Frederick at the head of the stairs. Augustus, Mr. Seward's eldest son, who interfered, was severely cut with the bowie-knife, as was the invalid soldier. Fanny, Mr. Seward's daughter, was sitting by him. The colored boy ran to a sentinel on the corner, telling him there was a murderer in the house, but the sentinel did not feel at liberty to leave his post.

"Mr. Seward had information of this conspiracy to assassinate the President, the Secretary of War and himself; but such informations were so common that the admonition was disregarded, though but for Mr. Seward's accident precautionary steps would have been taken.

"The wretch who so nearly accomplished the assassination of the Secretary and Assistant-Secretary, was a large, athletic, powerful man, armed with a heavy revolver and bowie-knife."

There is every reason to believe that there was a plot to kill not only the President and Secretary Seward, but other members of the Cabinet and also the Vice-President. The Washington *Star* says that Booth was about the National Hotel on Friday, as usual, and strolled up and down the avenue several times. During one of these strolls he stopped at the Kirkwood House, and sent to Vice President Johnson a card, upon which was written:

"I do not wish to disturb you. Are you in?
J. WILKES BOOTH."

The *National Intelligencer* says:

"We can state on the highest authority that it has been ascertained that there was a regular conspiracy to assassinate every member of the Cabinet, together with the Vice-President. Booth, it is said, sent his card up to the Vice-President at the hotel, but Mr. Jonhson could not conveniently see him. The names of the severally appointed assassins, are, we understand, known, and after the present investigation is concluded and published, the public will be astonished at the developments. From motives of public interest we refrain from mentioning many of them that reach us."

Secretary Seward, according to the latest reports, is out of danger and doing well. Frederick Seward is so much better that strong hopes of his recovery are entertained. The villain who assaulted them has been arrested and identified beyond a doubt.

FRIENDLY LETTER.

SCHUYLKILL, Pa., April 10, 1865.

To the Editor of the National Anti-Slavery Standard:

I read with profound regret the leading editorial in the Anti Slavery Standard of April 8th; an evident plea for the disbanding of our Society; had it not been so, this protest would be unnecessary.

Why should we disband before the work to which we pledged ourselves is accomplished? The Declaration of Sentiments, unanimously adopted by the Convention which formed our Society and framed our Constitution, proclaims:

"We further believe and affirm—That all persons of color who possess the qualifications which are demanded of others, ought to be admitted forthwith to the enjoyment of the same privileges, and the exercise of the same prerogatives, as others; and that the paths of preferment, of wealth, and of intelligence, should be opened as widely to them as to persons of a white complexion."

Our Constitution itself has the following article:

"Article III.—This Society shall aim to elevate the character and condition of the people of color, by encouraging their intellectual, moral, and religious improvement, and by removing public prejudice, that thus they may, according to their intellectual and moral worth, share an equality with the whites of civil and religious privileges; but this Society will never, in any way, countenance the oppressed in vindicating their rights by resorting to physical force."

Certainly while the question whether the negro race under our flag shall have the ballot and the rights of citizenship hangs trembling in the balance, with all the weight of the Administration thrown into the scale against it, such an hour is no time to dissolve a Society thus pledged to "all persons of color."

But waiving this, and even admitting what the Standard editorial claims, that the abolition of Chattel Slavery was all we sought, still, while Delaware and Kentucky remain slave states, and before any decisive action has been had on the Constitutional Amendment, it is no time to disband. What right, under its pledges, has the Society to disband while one legal slave remains in the republic? But there are thousands upon thousands. What right has the Society to disband while the *system* of slavery remains legal under the Constitution? Yet that system stands untouched. The President's Proclamation emancipates certain slaves, but has no reference to the *system*, and the Anti-Slavery Amendment to the Constitution is not yet law.

If slavery itself were substantially ended by the disappearance of every slave, or if the *system* were technically ended by the adoption of the Anti Slavery Amendment, there might be some reason to consider the question of disbanding; but while slavery remains, both *substantially* and *technically*, we should, it seems to me, be wholly unfaithful to our trust to disband. When every slave is freed and the system itself legally ended, it will be time enough to *consider* what then is our duty. I am not willing *to-day*, in advance, to pledge myself even then to disband. I consider no freedom real and no emancipation effectual, *under such State and Federal governments as ours*, until the Negro has the ballot. This was the unanimous vote of the Massachusetts Anti Slavery Society at its late January meeting,—a Society which is one of the largest auxiliaries of the American Anti-Slavery Society: The Administration is unalterably determined to reconstruct the rebel States by giving all civil power to the white race. Are those whites to be trusted with the rights and fortunes of their late victims? It would be absurd in these columns to ask any Abolitionist that question. The whole history of the Union, North and South, and of the Anti-Slavery cause on both sides the ocean, says no to it. To reconstruct these rebel States as "governments of white men," robbing the negro of the ballot, would be a greater blunder, and, considering our better light, a greater sin than our fathers committed in 1789 in their compromise with slavery, and we should have no right to expect from it less disastrous results. I deem it the duty of our Society to hold on till its full work is done. To dissolve this Spring would, it seems to me, be false to its trust. To dissolve when the mere abolition of Chattelism is accomplished is practical surrender to its foe.

The editors of the Standard, in their recent article, suggest to the members that they can retire into the ranks of Freedmen's Associations. Alms-giving to the Negro is very well, highly honorable to the newly-converted givers, very useful to the Negro, and may be necessary for a little while. But I protest against its continuance for any length of time. I am still an Abolitionist, still a believer in the "Negro's ability to take care of himself," and do not intend to insult him by holding him up before the country as a chronic pauper. Let us Abolitionists not quit the attitude we have held for thirty years, but stand claiming for the Negro JUSTICE, not privileges; RIGHTS, not alms.

As for the Standard, I hope and trust it will be continued; and, freed from that blind partisanship which has made it the mere organ of the Administration, I hope it will be, what it should always have been, the organ and true representative of a Society which, by its own voice and that of its most active constituents, has three times within the past year proclaimed its distrust of the purposes of the Administration.

I trust that the important questions to be discussed at our coming Anniversary will move every member to make the utmost possible exertion to be present and do his share to save us from any misstep on so momentous an occasion. WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Boston, April 10, 1865.

PROCLAMATION OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

The fugitive President of the rebel Confederacy, after his hasty flight from Richmond, went to Danville, Va., where, on the 5th in

INAUGURATION OF THE NEW PRESIDENT.

On Saturday forenoon, soon after ABRAHAM LINCOLN breathed his last, the following letter was addressed to ANDREW JOHNSON:

WASHINGTON CITY, April 15, 1865.

SIR: Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, was shot by an assassin last evening at Ford's Theatre, in this city, and died at the hour of twenty-two minutes after seven o'clock. About the same time at which the President was shot an assassin entered the sick chamber of the Hon. W. H. Seward, Secretary of State, and stabbed him in several places in the throat, neck and face, severely if not mortally wounding him. Other members of the Secretary's family were dangerously wounded by the assassin while making his escape. By the death of President Lincoln the office of President has devolved upon you. The emergency of the government demands that you should immediately qualify according to the requirements of the Constitution, and enter upon the duties of President of the United States. If you will please make known your pleasure, such arrangements as you deem proper will be made. Your obedient servants,

HUGH MCCULLOCH,
Secretary of the Treasury.
EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.
GIDEON WELLES,
Secretary of the Navy.
WILLIAM DENISON,
Postmaster-General.
J. P. USHER,
Secretary of the Interior.
JAMES SPEED,
Attorney-General.

To Andrew Johnson, Vice-President of the United States.

Mr. Johnson immediately replied that it would be agreeable to him to have the proceedings take place in the Kirkwood House as soon as the arrangements could be perfected.

Chief Justice Chase was informed of the fact and repaired to the appointed place in company with Secretary McCulloch, of the Treasury Department, Attorney General Speed, J. P. Blair, Sr., Hon. Montgomery Blair, Senators Foot of Vermont, Ramsay of Minnesota, Yates of Illinois, Stewart of Nevada, Hale of New Hampshire, and Gen. Farnsworth of Illinois.

At eleven o'clock the oath of office was administered by the Chief-Justice of the United States, in his usual solemn and impressive manner, after which Mr. Johnson delivered the following address:

Gentlemen, I must be permitted to say that I have been almost overwhelmed by the announcement of the sad event which has so recently occurred. I feel incompetent to perform duties so important and responsible as those which have been so unexpectedly thrown upon me. As to an indication of any policy which may be pursued by me in the administration of the government I have to say that that must be left for development as the administration progresses. The message or declaration must be made by the acts as they transpire. The only assurance that I can now give of the future is by reference to the past. The course which I have taken in the past in connection with this rebellion must be regarded as a guaranty of the future. My past public life, which has been long and laborious, has been founded, as I in good conscience believe, upon a great principle of right, which lies at the basis of all things. The best energies of my life have been spent in endeavoring to establish and perpetuate the principles of free government, and I believe that the government, in passing through its present trials, will settle down upon principles consonant with popular rights, more permanent and enduring than heretofore. I must be permitted to say, if I understand the feelings of my own heart, I have long labored to ameliorate and alleviate the condition of the great mass of the American people. Toil and an honest advocacy of the great principles of free government have been my lot. The duties have been mine—the consequences are God's. This has been the foundation of my political creed. I feel that in the end the government will triumph, and that these great principles will be permanently established. In conclusion, gentlemen, let me say that I want your encouragement and countenance. I shall ask and rely upon you and others in carrying the government through its present perils. I feel, in making this request, that it will be heartily responded to by you and all other patriots and lovers of the rights and interests of a free people.

The manner of the new President was solemn and dignified, and his whole bearing produced a most gratifying impression upon those who participated in the ceremonies.

In the afternoon he met the members of the Cabinet at the Treasury Department, when he signified to them his desire that they should retain the places they had held under his lamented predecessor. There will, therefore, be no change in the Cabinet, at least for the present. William Hunter, Chief Clerk in the State Department, has been appointed Acting Secretary of State during the illness of Mr. Seward and his son.

In regard to the policy which the new President is likely to adopt we express no opinion further than to say, that, judging from his antecedents, he is likely to be somewhat less lenient to the rebels than Abraham Lincoln was.

On Monday morning the President was waited upon by a large number of the clergy of the District of Columbia in a body, and in reply to a series of resolutions in which, after paying a tribute to the worth of his predecessor, they pledged him their earnest sympathy and cordial support, he made an address which is thus reported:

The President thanked them in the warmest terms for their very kind mention of him, and for their tendered support and encouragement. He spoke with feeling of the great personal and public worth of his lamented predecessor. Assuming the grave responsibilities imposed upon him in obedience to the requirements of the Constitution in consequence of this sad dispensation of Providence, he felt his own individual insufficiency and the necessity of the kind counsel and co-operation of all friends of their country. That support he should endeavor to deserve by shaping his course to those immutable principles of right which underlie our government.

He said he had a sure faith that if we adhered to those principles the Almighty would save the nation. He believed that the nation had a great mission to fulfill, and that God would not allow it to perish before its work was done.

They had alluded to the murder of the late President, and to the attempt upon Mr. Seward's life, in just terms of indignation and horror. The assassination of any man, high or low, was a crime of the blackest dye. Especially diabolical was it when the blow was struck at the loved and honored head of a great nation in the very moment of triumph. But the horrible crime was only a portion of the greatest of crimes—the attempted assassination of a nation. And he believed that the American people felt it to be so. Treason, he said, was a crime, and not a mere difference of political opinions. The President closed by again thanking his visitors for giving him at this hour their God-speed.

After the clergymen came the heads of the Treasury Bureaus and their clerks, who were introduced in an eloquent and feeling address by J. J. Lewis, Esq. The President made a felicitous response, closing as follows: "I have always thought theft was a crime and should be punished as a crime; that arson was a great crime and should be punished as such; that murder was a dreadful crime and should be punished as such, and that treason was the greatest of all crimes and should be punished as such." The wildest outburst of applause, says the correspondent of the *Tribune*, greeted the latter sentiment, and the whole population seem to have adopted it, and it is repeated and applauded everywhere.

Governor Stone of Iowa, after a long conversation with the President in regard to the true policy of the government, reported him as saying that while he would deal kindly and leniently with the mass of the people of the South, and the rank and file of their armies, regarding them as he did merely as the victims and sufferers of the rebellion, he nevertheless would be careful not to pursue any policy which would prevent the government from visiting condign punishment on the guilty authors of the rebellion. He regarded it as due to the loyal people of the country, to the memory of the thousands of brave men who had fallen in defence of the Union during this struggle, and to the claims of justice and freedom throughout the world, that treason should still be regarded as the highest crime under our Constitution and flag, and that treason should be rendered infamous for all time to come. While he entertained these views he should endeavor to gain the confidence of the deceived and betrayed masses of the Southern people, regarding them as the proper material for reconstructing the insurgent States, and to restore them to their proper relations to the government. He would neither recognize nor hold official communication with those who had occupied official stations or acknowledged the sovereignty of the rebel government. For four years he had fought the rebel government with all the energy of his character. He well knew the horrible outrages to which loyal citizens in the South had been subjected, and it was his determination to act in such manner as would best protect individual rights, and vindicate the character of the government.

These views, thus frankly expressed, are certainly fitted to inspire the highest confidence of the loyal masses in the firmness and wisdom of the Aministration.

The conduct of Mr. Johnson on the day of his inauguration as Vice-President was the cause of great mortification and grief to those by whose votes he had been elevated to his high place. There is good reason to believe, however, that the first reports did him great injustice. A correspondent of the *Evening Post* (endorsed by the Editors as "a gentleman who knows of what he writes") says:

"Will you allow me space enough in your columns to do an act of simple justice to the President of the United States, in relation to the circumstances which occurred on the day of the inauguration of President Lincoln? The facts are briefly these: Mr. Johnson had for some weeks previous been in bad health; he was exhausted by his journey to Washington, and in order to give him strength to go through with the fatigue of the day, resorted to the use of an alcoholic stimulant; not being accustomed to the use of ardent spirits is produced unpleasant consequences. I have known President Johnson intimately for the last twenty years, during his public life at Washington I have been at his room hundreds of times; I never saw a drop of liquor there on any occasion, never saw him drink a drop of liquor in my life, and never had reason to believe that he ever tasted it."

Gen. Burnside, in a speech delivered in this city on the day of President Lincoln's death, said that since the beginning of the war he had seen much of Andrew Johnson, having had frequent occasion to consult him on important public affairs, and he had never seen him in the least degree intoxicated or known him to drink a single drop of liquor. He declared upon his honor that if it were left for him to name the man who should be the successor of President Lincoln he knew not among all the eminent men of the country one whom he should prefer to him who, by the authority of the Constitution and the will of the American people, had already taken the place so suddenly made vacant. This certainly is valuable testimony. We have evidence also that President Lincoln had the highest esteem for Mr Johnson. A friend of ours, an eminent artist of this city, who was admitted to close intimacy with the President for several months in succession, says he heard him speak in warm terms in regard to Mr. Johnson's merits, remarking that he had done nobly for his country. Alluding to the unpleasant occurrence of the fourth of March, he said, with much feeling and emphasis, "He is too much of a man for the American people to cast him off for a single error."

The Flag-Raising at Fort Sumter.

THE Flag of the United States, which was hauled down at Fort Sumter on the 14th of April, 1861, was, on the Fourth Anniversary of that day, with ceremonies befitting the occasion, again restored to its place, in the presence of a multitude of loyal people who greeted it with proud exultation as the symbol of Universal Liberty! The identical flag that was lowered in humiliation before the haughty Slave Power now floats in triumph over the powers of Despotism and Treason upon the very spot where our bloody civil war was inaugurated!

The great event attracted to Charleston a great number of visitors, filling the hotels to repletion. The weather on the 14th was fine, and the day was ushered in by salvos of artillery. The vessels in the harbor, including the naval fleet, put on their gayest attire, and the national ensign floated from all the principal fortifications except Fort Sumter.

It was not till noon that those who had come to participate in the ceremonies, or to witness them, were all landed at the Fort. The correspondent of the *Times* says:

In the centre of the parade ground was the stand from which Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, the orator of the day, was to deliver his address. It was a slightly elevated platform, inclosed with boughs of myrtle, standing underneath a temple of liberty, festooned and entwined with bunting and wreaths of flowers.

When the distinguished gentlemen who were to occupy the platform entered the parade ground, they were received with jubilant demonstrations, but none were received with such loud cheers as Mr. Beecher. It was a fitting welcome to the great champion of the rights of man. Among those on the stand representing the navy were Admiral Dahlgren and Capt. Bradford. Paymaster Walmouth, Engineer Dawley, Judge-Advocate Cowley and Lieut.-Commander Matthews of his staff; Commodore Rowan. There were over 200 naval officers present. The army was represented by Gens Gilmore, Anderson, Dix, Washburne, Doubleday, Delafield, Grover, Hatch, Saxton and Molineaux, most of whom had their respective staffs with them. Also, Assistant Secretary of the Navy Fox, Prof. Davis, of West Point Academy; Adjt.-Gen. Townsend and Col. Gurney commanding the post.

Among notable citizens were Senator Wilson, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Samuel Hooper and Ex-Gov. Clifford of Massachusetts; Lieut.-Gov. Anderson, of Ohio; Justice Swaine, of the Supreme Court of the United States; Judges Strong and Thompson, and Congressman Kelley of Pennsylvania; George Thompson of England, and other distinguished gentlemen; Dr. Mackey, the eminent Free Mason, and who has never swerved from his fealty to the government during the thrilling hours of rebellion, was also present with his wife and two daughters; the wife and children of Gen. Anderson and the daughter of Gen. Dix were also on the stand.

It is estimated that at least 3,000 people were present one-sixth being ladies. There were also large detachments of white and colored troops, marines and sailors serving as guards of honor. Massachusetts was represented by the Fifty-fourth Colored, whose gallant and noble Colonel lies in a hero's grave on the shores of Morris Island.

The ceremonies of the occasion commenced with the singing of a song and chorus entitled: "Victory at last," which was received with rapturous applause; then followed the reading of a portion of Scripture by the venerable Chaplain Harris, of U. S. Army, who made the prayer at the raising of the flag when Maj. Anderson received his command from Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumter, December 27, 1860, followed by a fervent and impressive prayer by the same gentleman, during which the utmost silence was observed. Rev. Dr. Storrs, of New York, then read the 126th, 47th, 98th and part of 20th Psalms, in reading the last of which he was joined by the assembly. Adjt.-Gen. Townsend then, in clear voice, read Maj. Anderson's dispatch dated steamship Baltic, off Sandy Hook, April 18, 1861, announcing the fall of Fort Sumter.

Preparations were now made for hoisting the flag which was no sooner brought forth to view than there was aroused a burst of joy. A few minutes and everything was in readiness. Stepping forward, Gen. Anderson, on whom devolved the pleasurable duty of restoring to its original place on the fort the identical flag which after an honorable and gallant defence, he was compelled to lower to the insurgents, made the following remarks:

SPEECH OF GEN. ANDERSON.

I am here, my friends and fellow-citizens, and brother soldiers, to perform an act of duty which is dear to my heart, and which all of you present appreciate and feel. Did I listen to the promptings of my own heart, I would not attempt to speak; but I have been desired by the Secretary of War to make a few remarks. By the considerate appointment of the honored Secretary of War I am here to fulfil the cherished wish of my heart through four long years of bloody war—to restore to its proper place this very flag which floated here during peace before the first act of this cruel rebellion. I thank God I have lived to see this day (applause), to be here to perform this perhaps the last act of duty to my country in this life. My heart is filled with gratitude to Almighty God for the signal blessings which he has given us—blessings beyond number. May all the world proclaim glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and good will toward men.

At the conclusion of his remark he seized the halyards, and with a firm and steady pull ran aloft the old flag. No sooner had it caught the breeze than there was one tumultuous shout. It was an inspiring moment, grand and sublime, never to be experienced again. Our flag was there, its crimson folds tattered, but not dishonored, regenerated and baptized anew in the fires of Liberty. Gen. Anderson could hardly restrain his emotions. Tearsof joy filled the eyes of nearly every one present.

When the flag reached its highest it was saluted with 100 guns from Sumter, and with a national salute from Fort Moultrie and Battery Bee on Sullivan Island, Fort Putnam on Morris Island and Fort Johnson on James Island, places conspicuous in the inauguration of the rebellion and eminently appropriate for them to take a part not less prominent in the national rejoicing over the restoration of national authority. National airs were also played by the band, which was followed by the singing of the Star-Spangled Banner, with an effect that was thrilling.

Previous to the raising of the flag, the steamer *Planter*, Capt. Robert Small, which, it will be remembered, run the rebel gauntlet in 1862, came to the fort loaded down with between 2,000 and 3,000 of the emancipated race, of all ages and sizes. Their appearance was warmly welcomed. Capt. Small was subsequently introduced to many distinguished gentlemen, to whom he narrated his interesting adventure with lively satisfaction.

After the flag had been saluted Mr. Beecher proceeded to deliver an oration worthy of the occasion and of his own fame. We shall print it next week. Then followed the doxology in Old Hundred, and the Rev. Dr. Storrs closed the services with prayer and benediction.

THE LIBERATOR.—"M. du-Pays," the New York correspondent of the *Liberator*, speaking of the probable discontinuance of that paper at the close of the present year, says with truth:

"The nation, if it only apprehended, would miss the fairest journal that ever was conducted: that never refused an opponent a chance to vindicate himself, and which systematically reproduced the arguments of its adversaries as the best confirmation of the justice of its cause. The Abolitionists taught all other reformers how to agitate and alter public sentiment. The *Liberator* will bequeath an example of impartiality and fair play by which the press may profit, if it cares to hold an even balance between Trojan and Tuscan."

THE CONFIDENCE OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE in the stability of this government, in spite of the terrible tragedy which has filled their hearts with anguish, may well excite the admiration and joy of every citizen. That confidence is exhibited in the dignified calmness with which they have seen the reins of authority pass into new hands, and in the fact that on the first day after Abraham Lincoln had fallen by the hand of an assassin, the subscriptions to the popular loan reached a higher figure than for weeks before, and in the first open market Government Securities sold at an advance. The price of gold advanced only two per cent., and the public confidence in the stability of the government was never stronger than at this moment.

PERSONAL.

Arguelles, the slave-trader, who, it will be remembered, was delivered over by the President to the authorities of Cuba, has been tried and sentenced. His punishment is said to be perpetual banishment from the island, nineteen years in the chain gang at Ceuta (Africa), and a fine of $50,000.

Mr. Garrison did not return in the Arago, which arrived at this port from Charleston on Tuesday evening, but remained behind with Mr. Thompson, Mr. Beecher and Mr. Tilton to inspect the Sea Islands and St. Augustine, Florida. They will all doubtless be home in a few days.

Just as we are making ready for the press news reaches us of the death of that fearless and eloquent champion of freedom, the Rev. Samuel Aaron, of Mount Holly, N. J., formerly of Norristown, Pa. He was one of the noblest men we ever knew, and we hope to receive, from some one who knew him intimately, a suitable tribute to his memory for publication in these columns.

We record with heartfelt regret the death of that eminent English statesman and champion of Free Government, Richard Cobden, Esq. He died on the 2d inst. from an attack of asthma. He was 60 years of age. An English journal says: "When the story of his life comes to be written, there are few things in biography which will be more interesting than the account of his rise from the home of a Sussex yeoman, and from the position of a boy in a London warehouse, to a place in the Senate, where he could command his audience and influence the destiny of nations." He was among the truest friends of the North in her bloody struggle with the Slave Power, and his departure will be sincerely mourned by every friend of republican liberty.

George Thompson, writing to the *Liberator* from the steamer Arago, just before his departure for Charleston, says:

"I could write much of my own feelings as I look back upon the thirty years and six months which have elapsed since I landed on the shores from which I am now departing. Then I was denounced by a slaveholding President for preaching the doctrines of Universal Liberty. To-day, I am the guest of an anti-slavery President, on board a United States government vessel, on an expedition to the city of Charleston, S. C., to see a flag raised, which is not only the symbol of Union but of Freedom; a flag which, ere long, will denote that the country it represents has abolished and prohibited for ever involuntary servitude within State and territory subject to the jurisdiction of United States law. In former years, the question was often put to me, 'Why don't you go to the South?' To day I answer—'I am going; going to celebrate the triumph of Garrisonian abolitionism in Charleston; going in company with Garrison himself; going to tread a once slave-cursed soil, soon to be "redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled by the irresistible Genius of Universal Emancipation."

"'Sound the loud timbrel abroad o'er the sea,
Jehovah hath triumphed, the Negro is free.'"

THE NATION'S LOSS.

OH, what a dreadful chapter in the history of our day—indeed, our own lives—is the fall of our beloved President by the hand of an assassin. For this is a personal grief, not with the family and immediate friends of Mr. Lincoln alone; nor with thousands merely but with millions. Our common people everywhere understood Mr. Lincoln, and had learned to love, respect and trust him, as never any President before, whom they remember. They feel and know that the country has received a terrible blow—met with a most fearful loss. To vast numbers it seems irreparable. For myself, I look around in vain for the man, anywhere, to take his place and make good to the country his loss. He combined so many rare and rare qualities for his position, he was so singularly free from the faults of ambition, selfishness, and pursuit of private ends, to which men in high station are so prone—he had that constant mingling of vigilance with calm self-possession, of readiness to review his ground and take up a new position if necessary with inflexible adherence to his sense of duty, he was at all times so well balanced, so good tempered, he was so accessible to all who needed his powerful and friendly help, he was above all so true and wise a friend of the country, of its highest interests and great principles, that I must feel, with Hamlet of his father,

"He was a man, take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again."

It is hard to believe that he is gone, hard to think that *Abraham Lincoln* no longer watches over the destinies of the land. An abiding sense of security is gone, as we think of him as no more our President; and of Mr. Seward, the sagacious counsellor, also stricken down and helpless. But we have no cause, and no right, to despair. Remembering "the Eternal Goodness," and the rich experiences we have had thereof, as a people, during the fearful war of the last four years, we must take courage, and renew our labors for our country with fresh vigor. Never man or President, before, gave four years of such steady, unintermitting, hard labor to the country, as Mr. Lincoln has given; and none could have given more patiently and cheerfully and with less of personal ill-will and resentment toward those who have continually sought to embarrass him. Through our whole perilous, and often doubtful, struggle, his example to the nation has been beyond all price, for its steadiness, calmness, resolute perseverance, and strong hope. We bless God for him, we bless his memory. As Wendell Phillips once said, "Mr. Lincoln has gained for himself a niche so high in the temple of illustrious fame, that no detraction or enmity can reach it." Now, we feel it to be so; and deem it one of the most signal of God's mercies to us that he gave him to be our leader through the stormy night of such a war as no man living had imagined, and the Deliverer of our Land from the hands of its crafty, unprincipled, and powerful enemies. But grievious as this blow is, we must not despair or distrust. On the contrary, let us redouble every effort to effect our country's complete emancipation from the power of that slave system, whose whole nature is set on fire of hell, and whose supporters are lost to all compassion, all truth, all pity, all honor.

S. M.

A FEW LINES FROM MISS ESTLIN.

OUR beloved friend, Samuel J. May, while in New York recently, gave us an opportunity to read a letter just received by him from Miss MARY A. ESTLIN of Bristol (Eng.), one of the truest friends of the Anti Slavery cause in that country, and whose name is familiar to American Abolitionists. At our request Mr. May permits us to print the following extract:

DURDHAM DOWN, BRISTOL, March 17, 1865.

MY DEAR MR. MAY: You have been very good to me in sending the papers which tell of progress both in national sentiment and in the specific work of elevating those multitudes whom slavery has robbed of their birthright, and has now set free by its own over-reaching ambition. I can form some estimate of the amount of labor involved in the unremitting efforts of the Freedman's Aid Association, every branch of which has such numerous ramifications, and every month increasing the field of service! And your share in this is evident from the place your name occupies in the official reports, even were no newspaper correspondence and private intimations added to the record. But what a change in the character of your work! To have reached the building up stage and have laid aside the iconoclastic tools is indeed cause for devout thanksgiving. Oh! how I share your grateful joy at this crowning decision of the House of Representatives, making the United States henceforth the "land of the Free." It feels like a dream, too bright to be true; and yet on awaking from it to the incomplete subjugation of the rebels and the unfinished responses of the individual States (17 was the number that had ratified the Amendment in our last accounts) there is no misgiving as to its substantial and speedy realization! We can hardly check the reins of imagination concerning the future of your country, purified from its contaminating, contradicting, intercepting blot. The ungracious, unsympathizing, narrow-visioned people in this country little know how much they, in common with the whole world, owe to your noble resistance to the aggressions of the Slave Power. Their unconsciouaness and perverted vision will not affect you nor your cause, however, while those of us who have been privileged to an admittance to your sympathy may rejoice with you in this season when faith is so nearly exchanged for sight. I think of you constantly, and have eagerly read every American paper, especially the cheering journals of the Freedmen's Association, giving such testimony to the power and will of the colored people to become self-supporting citizens. I cannot take hold of Mr. W. Phillips's theory of the necessity of stipulating for suffrage, etc., before admitting the repentant States. The progress of sentiment and the requirements of the case will, it appears, bring about the right basis of reconstruction. Perhaps this is an exhibition of shallowness and imperfect knowledge on my part, but you will forgive the expression of my crude thought, and remember that there is no one to whom I can *speak* on the subject to help me into light, not a single person have I seen or can I discover in this region who responds to my intense thankfulness at the momentous *event* of Jan. 31st; its influence does not seem apprehended even by the few who are not unfriendly to the Union!

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, April 16, 1865.

WHAT can one write in the presence of such appalling events as those which have shocked the nation, and which at this moment fill every loyal heart with indignant horror? The facts are all known, and I cannot add to them. To moralize upon the event is not my duty—I leave that to the preacher and the editor. It is too soon to speak positively of the results of this great change—this wonderful revolution wrought by one Southern assassin. All that I will attempt to do is to give a few facts and opinions, and wait for a week to pass by.

In the first place, it will be everywhere noticed—abroad as well as at home—that assassination is a crime that grows out of the state of society in the South as naturally as cotton and rice do from its soil. The Southern newspapers have frequently offered large rewards for the assassination of the President. The horrible deed has been looked upon with complacency all over the South, not by her sober, humane men (for a few such remain), but by a majority of its people, maddened by slavery and war.

Second. It will not be denied that the murder of Mr. Lincoln and the horrible attack upon Mr. Seward were the acts of two Southern *Secessionists*. They were not avowed rebels, but belonged to that large class of people known as "sympathizers" with the South—a class which has been tolerated in Washington without excuse.

Third. Mr. Lincoln perished because of his leniency. He is a victim to his generosity—kind-heartedness. The man who killed him has been in Washington, off and on, for months. He has *talked* his secession doctrines openly here, and should have been arrested and sent South long ago. Others like him have remained here to get the best contracts out of the government, to coin fortunes out of the war, and to jeer at Mr. Lincoln and praise Jeff. Davis. This class of people are now in consternation and genuine sorrow. In view of what is coming they have suddenly waked to a sense of Mr. Lincoln's magnanimity and gentleness of character.

Fourth. So far Mr. Johnson has conducted himself with remarkable propriety. He was overwhelmed with grief at the death of the President, and seemed to view the future and its responsibilities with reluctant modesty. He has been perfectly sober ever since the one great blunder on Inauguration Day. There are abundant reasons for believing that in his personal conduct Mr. Johnson will gain the approval of the loyal people of the country.

Now a few opinions, and I have done.

I believe that Mr. Johnson will agreeably disappoint the American people *and the world* by his course. He feels that the eye of the world is upon him, and with distrustful glance. It were idle to deny that the policy of the Administration will be somewhat modified. It will be in one respect without doubt. Mr. Lincoln was inclined to pardon even the rebel chiefs if they sought it. Mr. Johnson wants the leaders punished—*and if caught they will be punished.* This is settled. But I doubt if any great change will be made in the *general* policy of the government. Mr. Johnson is for pardoning the common people of the South, but for the extirpation of those who remain rebels.

Give Mr. Johnson a fair chance. Let him have the confidence of Republicans everywhere, and he will succeed.

AVON.

LETTER FROM FRANCES D. GAGE.

LAMBERTVILLE, N. J., April 15, 1865.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THIS morning, while our hearts were still palpitating with blissful emotions over the great triumphs of our Union army, celebrated yesterday throughout the country by the loyal and true, we were startled by the pale face of a neighbor who came to ask if we "had heard the news." On our answering in the negative, she gasped rather than spoke the words that struck us dumb with a sadness such as never before checked the currents of our joy: "*President Lincoln has been assassinated!*" A moment afterwards another came, wringing her hands and quivering from head to foot, as if her truest life love had been smitten down; wildly she exclaimed, "Oh! have you heard that our President has been murdered?" We nodded assent—we had no words. By and by came a gray-haired father. We had seen him but last evening, full of mirth and gladness, and talked with him of the President's last speech upon the balcony at Washington; now he was bent like fourscore, his wan features were pinched and white. He might have been a starved victim from Andersonville, so broken and bowed was the man of threescore. Looking out of his hollow eyes, he said huskily, "Have you heard?"—he could say no more. As we murmured "Yes," he turned away with tottering steps. So has the terrible announcement fallen upon the hearts of every true household; these are but samples of the whole. Men said, "We cannot work—our hearts lie still—we are crushed." "God help our sinful nation." "What will become of us?" So from lip to lip passed the exclamation and the ejaculation, "Why all this mourning, this fearful shock, this paralysis of heart, soul and brain, of a great people?" Are not all men born to die? may be asked, and the answer will spring from twenty million tongues—Aye, all men are born to die, but not thus. Oh, woe to us as a nation, when our Chief Magistrate, our worthiest and best, is not permitted to await God's time of departure. Mingled with our deep sorrow for our President is our equally deep sorrow that such a wrong in the sight of Heaven must go upon the nation's records. Shame that in all our land so vile a miscreant lived as he who robbed us of that life. Our human nature has received a fearful hurt. Our finest and keenest sensibilities have been *shot* or *stabbed*, never again to be fully healed.

Never before has such spite and hate triumphed in our governmental ranks. Our simple Republican President went forth to his duty or his recreation without fear; but it can be done no more with the same confiding trust.

Far be it from me to attempt a eulogy of the departed, or to foreshadow the effect of his loss upon the interests of the country. But may I not be forgiven if I say, what I have long believed, that the North does not yet realize what slavery has accomplished in the rebellious States; how utterly it has brutalized those who dared to be its advocates; how reckless and abandoned are its votaries, how lost to all sense of what is just between man and man.

The moral power of a man's mind, if he ceases to use it, becomes incapable of action. As an arm, forbidden to move for years, ceases to have power to obey the will, so do the moral functions of the brain; and of him who dares to submerge justice, mercy and truth and compel himself for selfish ends to enslave his fellow-man, to hold him as his goods and chattels, to buy and sell him, to rob him of wife, children, father, mother, home, labor and love from generation to generation, can we expect aught else but that he shall be a devil and do a devil's work? All truest talents where with a good God has endowed him have been buried away and unused, until the fiat has gone forth, "from him that hath not shall be taken even that which he hath."

Let our nation beware how it trusts such creatures; such spawns of the past iniquity, such creations of the "sum of all villanies." There may not be many such bold demons as he who murdered our beloved President, but theis name is legion who are now taking the oath of allegiance from our trusting and high-minded government officials, who will wait only a convenient opportunity to strike the assasin's blow.

Let us remember, too, that he who has made his five talents ten in God's service may cease to distrust and learn to feel that all men, like himself, have active consciences and tender hearts; and thus trusting and believing, bring himself and the nation to harm. President Lincoln is dead—dead by the hand of an assassin—the blow struck in the midst of his friends. Let his friends take heed, and while we mourn for him with a sorrow that has no words to express its depth, let each one of us resolve to do nobler duty for our country and for the rights of man. Thus may we be comforted; thus we may roll back the surging wave of almost despair, while by the renewed power and more fervent consecration of ourselves and our lives to the great work to be done, we may finish that which he who has gone before, ushered into his eternal rest by sacrilegious hands, intended to do.

Our pleasant town is draped with mourning. Our bells, but yesterday so jubilant, are now tolling mournfully the hours while we wait for further telegrams with aching hearts. Our places of business are all closed and the mourners go about the streets.

New Jersey gave its vote for McClellan, yet it will weep for our murdered President.

FRANCES D. GAGE.

THE SPIRIT OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.—We recall now with tearful interest the characteristic speech made by Abraham Lincoln to his friends and neighbors of Springfield, Ill., when he was leaving them, a little more than four years ago, to assume the duties of President. It is a beautiful illustration of his modesty and sincerity, and of that deep religious trust by which he has been sustained in the very difficult and trying position to which he was called:

MY FRIENDS: No one not in my position can appreciate the sadness I feel at this parting. To this people I owe all that I am. Here I have lived more than a quarter of a century; here my children were born, and here one of them lies buried. I know not how soon I shall see you again. A duty devolves upon me which is, perhaps, greater than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He never would have succeeded except for the aid of Divine providence, upon whom he at all times relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same Divine aid which sustained him, and on the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support; and I hope you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive that Divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain. Again I bid you all an affectionate farewell.

Extract of a recent letter from a lady in Wisconsin to a friend in Massachusetts.

"I OUGHT before now to have presented my thanks to you for the weekly remembrancer which comes to us in the STANDARD. It is a very welcome visitor to the home circle, and is full of good things. We are much obliged for it. I sent a copy or two to R— and L—, in Missouri, and they were so much pleased with it that at their request I have continued to mail it regularly to them after our perusal. L— says in a recent letter: The STANDARD is R—'s meat and drink—he reads it faithfully and enjoys it much.'"

[The above shows the appreciation of the STANDARD by probably nearly all its readers. NEW ENGLAND.]

DO NOT WASTE YOUR MONEY buying any of the numerous worthless articles called Gold Pens which have flooded the market for the last few years, when at lower prices you can get pens which are acknowledged to be the BEST IN THE WORLD.

Avoid the shameless Upstarts whose lack of brains compels them to attempt IMITATION, *even to the advertisement.* If you want the full value of your money, call on A. Morton, 25 Maiden Lane, or inclose stamps for circular.

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News in Brief.

Gen. Canby's official reports of the capture by the forces under his command, on the 8th and 9th inst., of the formidable rebel defences of the city of Mobile Spanish Fort and its dependencies and the works surrounding the town of Blakely, appear in the papers of Wednesday. At the time of closing these dispatches Gen. Canby had not yet taken possession of the city of Mobile; but we have both official and unofficial, accounts announcing its occupation by his troops on the 12th inst. In Spanish Fort over five hundred prisoners and thirty guns were captured, and in the Blakely fortifications twenty-four hundred prisoners and twenty guns.

Gen. Sherman's army entered Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina, on Thursday, 13th, meeting with very slight opposition. The rebel Gen. Johnson retreated northwestwardly with his forces to Hillsboro, at which place he was when last heard from. He had not yet surrendered to Gen. Sherman; but we are informed that the military authorities in Washington have intelligence that a meeting of the two commanders was to take place at Chapel Hill, N. C., on last Saturday, when it was believed that arrangements for the surrender would be perfected.

There was a report in Newbern on last Saturday that Gen. Kilpatrick's cavalry had captured Mr. Vance, the rebel Governor of North Carolina, while he was on his way to Gen. Sherman, conveying an offer of Gen Johnson to give up the State. It was said that subsequent to this proposition being made by Johnson he was visited by Jeff. Davis, under whose direction it was countermanded.

Gen. Stoneman captured Salisbury, N. C, on the 12th inst., secured 1,165 prisoners, 19 pieces of artillery 1,000 small arms and eight stands of colors. The plunder found there was enormous, embracing 1,000,000 rounds of ammunition, 1,000 shells, 60,000 pounds of powder, 75,000 suits of clothing, 35,000 army blankets with large quantities of bacon, salt, sugar, rice, wheat and 7,000 bales of cotton. All that was not immediately available was destroyed. Stoneman's raid in East Tennessee and North Carolina has been one of the most important and destructive of the war. He has burned half a hundred important bridges, destroyed about 100 miles of track, captured trains, burned depots and played the mischief generally with Secesh property.

A Richmond dispatch announcing the arrival of Gen Lee in that city in good health, states that when the General was told of the assassination of the President he shut himself up, and refused to hear any details. He said that he was already too fagged and weary to be unnerved with the terrible history.

Special Notices.

WHEELER AND WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES.—Woman's Greatest Boon.—We would advise a man to forego a thresher and thresh wheat with a flail rather than to see the wife wear her health, vigor and life away in the everlasting "stitch, stitch, stitch," when a sewing machine can be obtained. The Wheeler and Wilson is an invaluable aid in every household. We have had several different kinds on trial, and after six years' service the Wheeler and Wilson has taken the precedence as the best, where all kinds of sewing are to be done in a family.—*American Agriculturist, January*, 1865. 40—tf

CIRCULAR.—Arrangements having been perfected for bringing some of the freed people to this city, persons in want of help are notified to make application to our agent, JANE BOUSTEAD, 1605 North St. (below Coates above Sixteenth St).

This agency is established by the Pennsylvania Abolition Society with the aid and coöperation of the Pennsylvania and both Friends Freedmen's Associations of this city.

To prevent disappointment we would state that many of these people have little or no acquaintance with housework, and are apt to be slow, though mostly of good dispositions and willing to learn.

A number of them are women with children, whom it is desirable to locate near each other. Farmers or others able to accomodate such are desired to forward their applications. Few if any men can be had.

If the servants prove unsatisfactory; the Committee decline having them returned to the agency, but when notified thereof will co-operate in finding other suitable places for them. Any change of residence should also be notified to our agent.

To aid in the payment of expenses a charge of one dollar each will be made to parties taking them.

JOS. M. TRUMAN, JR., MARCELLUS BALDERSTON,
H. RYLAND WARRINER, LUKENS WEBSTER,
Committee on Employment, Penn. Abolition Society.
Philadelphia, 3d mo., 1865.

JANE BOUSTEAD, Agent,
1605 North st. (below Coates above Sixteenth), to whom all communications should be addressed.
Office hours—9 a.m. to 4 p.m.

N. B.—A number are expected on 6th day (Friday) evening, 3d mo. 31st, after which they will arrive on 3d day (Tuesday) afternoon of each week.

FOURTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT
OF THE
MANHATTAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
Nos. 156 and 158 Broadway,
New York, Jan. 1, 1865.

Net Assets, January 1, 1864	$1,478,968 56
Receipts during the year	973,534 02
	$2,452,502 58
Disbursements	461,277 38
Assets	$1,991,225 20
	$1,991,225 20

Life Policies are issued, payable in annual, or in one, five, or ten annual installments; also non-forfeiture endowment policies, payable in ten annual payments, which are paid at death, or arriving at any particular age. Life Insurance as an investment has no superior, as it has saved millions of dollars to the insured, and thousands of families from ruin. Dividends are paid to policy holders, thus enabling them to continue their policies, if otherwise unable to do so.

HENRY STOKES, President.
C. Y. WEMPLE, Secretary.
J. S. HALSEY, Assistant Secretary.
S. N. STEBBINS, Actuary.
tf. ABRAM DU BOIS, M.D., Medical Examiner.

THE ASSASSINATION.

THE MOURNING OF THE NATION.

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE of April 22d contains a Full Account of the Assassination of President Lincoln, THE ATTEMPTED MURDER OF SECRETARY SEWARD, the Inauguration of President Johnson, Andrew Johnson's Speech on the Fall of Richmond, the Pursuit of the Assassins, War News, etc., etc. Price Five Cents.

WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

Mail subscribers, single copy, 1 year—52 numbers	2 50
do Clubs of five,	10 00

Persons remitting $20 for 10 copies, will receive one copy extra gratis.

Persons remitting $40 for 20 copies, will receive one copy Semi-Weekly, gratis.

Persons remitting $80 for 40 copies, will receive one copy daily, gratis.

Drafts on New York, or Post Office orders, payable to the order of "THE TRIB

Miscellaneous Department.

THE GRAY SWAN.

BY ALICE CARY.

"Oh tell me, sailor, tell me true,
Is my little lad, my Elihu,
A sailing with your ship?"
The sailor's eyes were dim with dew—
"Your little lad, your Elihu?"
He said, with trembling lip—
"What little lad? what ship!"

"What little lad? as if there could be
Another such a one as he!
What little lad, do you say?
Why, Elihu, that took to the sea
The moment I put him off my knee!
It was just the other day
The Gray Swan sailed away."

"The other day?" The sailor's eyes
Stood open with great surprise—
"The other day? the Swan?"
His heart began in his throat to rise.
"Ay, ay, sir, here in the cupboard lies
The jacket he had on."
"And so your lad is gone?"

"Gone with the Swan." "And did she stand
With her anchor clutching hold of the sand,
For a month, and never stir?"
"Why, to be sure! I've seen from the land,
Like a lover kissing his lady's hand,
The wild sea kissing her—
A sight to remember, sir."

"But, my good mother, do you know
All this was twenty years ago?
I stood on the Gray Swan's deck.
And to that lad I saw you throw,
Taking it off, as it might be, so!
The kerchief from your neck."
"Ay, and he'll bring it back!"

"And did the little lawless lad
That has made you sick and made you sad,
Sail with the Gray Swan's crew?"
"Lawless! the man is going mad!
The best boy ever mother had—
Be sure he sailed with the crew!
What would you have him do?"

"And he has never written line,
Nor sent you word nor made you sign
To say he was alive?"
"Hold! if 'twas wrong, the wrong is mine;
Besides, he may be in the brine,
And could he write from the grave?
Tut, man! what would you have?"

"Gone twenty years—a long, long cruise—
'Twas wicked thus your love to abuse;
But if the lad still live,
And come back home, think you, you can
Forgive him?" "Miserable man,
You're mad as the sea—you rave—
What have I to forgive?"

The sailor twitched his shirt so blue,
And from within his bosom drew
The kerchief. She was wild.
"My God, my Father! is it true?
My little lad, my Elihu!
My blessed boy, my child!
My dead, my living child!"

—*Friend of Progress.*

LETTER FROM L. MARIA CHILD TO GEN. GANTT.

From the Broken Fetter.*

Mrs. L. Maria Child wrote the following letter over a year since to Gen. Gantt, of Arkansas, shortly after his celebrated speech, in which he recanted his secession and returned to his allegiance to the Union It was never forwarded to him, but Mrs. Child has presented it to us for publication. It is as follows:

Wayland, Mass., Feb. 7th, 1864.

Gen. Gantt—*Dear Sir:* My heart impels me to thank you and bless you, for the sake of our suffering country. I have just been reading your speech at Concord, N. H., and I could not otherwise than clap my hands and shout, Bravo! Above all else in this world, I respect a man who has the moral courage to say, "I have been going wrong, but I have faced about to the right, and am going to march straight forward." When Gen. Butler declared that he had been mistaken, I especially admired him for doing it without any apology for his change of opinion, and without the usual cowardly disclaimer, "But—I am no Abolitionist." In fact, I like directness, even in a bad cause, better than indirectness in a good one. Northerners, who really thought slavery was wrong, yet spared no opportunity to apologize for it, always excited my contempt and aversion, more than Southerners who pronounced it a divine institution, and christened it the corner-stone of the Republic. Garrisonian Abolitionists have inspired me with more respect than any other class of men, because they have walked forward openly in a straight path, while others were skulking in corners, or striving to get on by skillful dodging. Frankly and boldly they have said their say, without regard to personal safety, or the interests of any party; and had their moral and intellectual energy been applied to any other subject than slavery, they would have been precisely the men to command the admiration of Southern slaveholders—especially South-western slaveholders. I have always said that the West had a great heart. I have always been charmed with the forthright and downright way of saying and doing things in that section of the country. And you, brave Gen. Gantt, judging by your speeches, are one of the noblest specimens of the frank, energetic, outspoken West. At this crisis we need manifestations of moral bravery, even more than of physical courage. You are doing the country incalculable service. God bless you for your honest, true, eloquent words! And He *does* bless you, in giving you the will and the power to utter them.

Those who look upon this terrible conflict merely as a war to preserve the Union of the States, take a narrow view of the subject; and even they who feel interested in it merely as the only means, under the guidance of Providence, for the redemption of an oppressed and injured race, do not see it in its full grandeur; for it is a struggle for supremacy between the antagonistic principles of Aristocracy and Freedom, and as such, involves issues important to all the world. Upon its result depends, in a great measure, whether despotism shall go on darkening the minds of men, fettering their energies, and thus impeding the growth of nations, or whether Freedom shall walk the earth, universal and glorious as the sunshine, beautifying the mansions of the rich, and carrying light and warmth into the cabins of the poor.

I am glad you have faith in a superintending Providence. Indeed, no reflecting person can have observed the progress of the struggle between the antagonistic elements embodied in our government, especially in the manifestations it has produced during this war, without reverently acknowledging that the hand of God has directed the storm. How wonderfully have events compelled this nation to go in the way it was determined *not* to go. What beautiful poetic justice there is in the fact that slaveholders, in the blindness of their rage, have overthrown the baneful institution for the maintenance of which they were willing to destroy the government of their country, and put back the progress of freedom throughout the world!

From the beginning I foresaw that this war must inevitably result in the demolition of slavery; and I have greatly rejoiced over the increasing evidence that my hopes were being realized. But the manner in which these changes have been accomplished has alloyed my satisfaction. We seem to have been actuated by selfish views of policy, rather than by great principles. We have done right as a war-necessity, not as a measure of even-handed justice. We have boasted of our magnanimity in consenting that the negro should shed his blood for *us*, but we have not acknowledged his right to fight for his own freedom. We have never said, in humility of heart, "This great calamity of civil war has come upon us because North and South joined hands in the perpetration of a great wickedness. Let us repent of our evil-doings, and henceforth obey those great laws of justice and humanity, which ennoble nations and secure the blessing of heaven." The sense of a great sin committed, for which God has called us to make atonement by blood, seems utterly wanting in us, as a nation. Therefore, in all our progress I painfully feel a deficiency of moral grandeur. Pardon me if I say that something of this deficiency I felt also in your otherwise truly great and noble speech. To my mind it was the one solitary drawback to its beauty and power. You constantly speak of the negro as the cause of the war, but you are not careful to say that he is the *innocent* cause. You speak of him as blighting the prosperity of States, by destroying enterprise and preventing progress, but you never intimate that his own enterprise has been destroyed and his own progress prevented by oppressive laws of the paramount race. I longed to have you give beautiful completeness to your manly utterance by saying, "Cuffee has been sadly in the way of our prosperity; but it has not been *his* fault, poor fellow! White men brought him here against his will, and white men, North and South, have combined to keep him in slavery. We have all wronged Cuffee. Let us agree to leave off wronging him and give him a fair chance to find his own place in creation." Ah, if you had said *that*, how immeasurably it would have increased your moral power? But you only go to the extent of acknowledging slavery to be bad policy; you nowhere admit that it is morally wrong. That the system is unwise is indeed sufficiently obvious, merely in the light of worldly policy. To take from laborers the stimulus of wages, and hire an overseer to wield the whip in lieu thereof, is as foolish as it would be to take the main-spring from a watch and hire a man to turn the hands round. But slavery is worse than bad policy; it is inherently wrong. The maintenance of such a system involves the absolute *necessity* of laws which cannot be otherwise than constantly oppressive, and must often prove cruel in their operation. Even good men cannot escape the poisonous influence of this inherent necessity, however sincerely they may desire to do so. As a slaveholder, and the neighbor of slaveholders, you are doubtless aware of this; but such consciousness does not appear in your speeches. Perhaps you were thinking of the text, "I have many things to say to you, but ye cannot *bear* them now." And so, in deference to the prejudices of a New Hampshire audience, you merely described Cuffee as a nuisance to be got rid of; and omitted to say, "slavery is wrong. Therefore, as we hope for the blessing of God, let us have done with it." I judge that you *may* have thus measured your policy, because I everywhere see indications that, large as are your words, your heart is still larger.

You judge correctly that the hostile feelings engendered by civil war are far more acrimonious at the South than at the North. A few weeks since I found one of the most zealous of the Abolitionists exerting herself in behalf of the white refugees from the South, and her eyes were moistened with tears while she told me the story of their sufferings. For myself, I have never felt the slighest degree of enmity toward slaveholders. I have always detested their institution; not only because it enabled the strong to oppress the weak, but because it was antagonistic to our free institutions, and I plainly saw that it was gradually and insidiously undermining them. I believe in Republics. I have full faith in the capacity of the people for self-government; and my ambition for my country was that it should prove this to the nations, by a worthy example. But it is the nature of slavery to dominate; and more and more, by cunning or by violence, it strove to gain the ascendancy over the free elements in our Constitution. While it existed in our midst we were *called* a Republic, but were in fact an Oligarchy; and we injured the cause of Republican governments by a constant practical lie. These considerations made me hate slavery with all my heart and soul. But I never wished slaveholders any greater harm than that they might become more prosperous under a better system of labor; and I believe Northerners in general wish no worse to the South than I do.

I herewith send you a pamphlet entitled "The Right Way the Safe Way," which I should like to have you examine, if you can snatch an hour to devote to it. It is not a record of my own opinions or theories, but of well-attested facts, the authenticity of which can be readily ascertained by any one who chooses to examine the official documents, whence they are derived. If you know of any Southerners who would like to have copies, I will gladly send them post-paid. I would also respectfully commend to your notice "The Ordeal of Free Labor," by Mr. Sewell, of the New York *Times*. He was in the West Indies two or three years, I think, and had access to all available sources of information. What renders his testimony more valuable is, that he went to the West Indies extremely sceptical concerning the working of the free-labor system. I wish very much that the real facts on this much-misrepresented subject should be generally known and well-understood in Arkansas. She has recently taken a wise and dignified position by choosing free institutions for herself, and I should be sorry to have her new escutcheon stained by injustice toward her colored population. The Recording Angel of History is watching us with scrutinizing gaze at this eventful crisis of our national existence. She cannot otherwise than blush deeply when she writes down the expulsion of unoffending free colored people from the soil of Arkansas. It was a measure which gave tyrants of the Old World cause to mock at Republics; and, however we may excuse it, it will have an evil sound in the ears of impartial posterity. God grant that our rescued banner may float stainless above us in the fair future that is before us, as a nation regenerated and made truly free!

In our broad territory, nowhere thoroughly cultivated, there is room and work enough for people of all nations, and all complexions. We need the labor of all classes, and can ill afford to spare any. Give them all the benefits of schools, the protection of equal laws, and the stimulus of just wages. Remove obstructions, and they will assuredly find their own natural level, as readily and safely as the waters do.

I pray you to excuse the liberty which a secluded old woman has taken in addressing you. My heart prompted me to write, because it was overflowing with admiration and gratitude toward you. I do not expect any answer, and I pray you not to feel bound by the laws of politeness, for I am well aware of the distracting demands that will be made upon your time and attention.

May the blessing of God be with you, and descend in copious showers upon the South, regenerated and redeemed.

Yours, with profound respect,
L. Maria Child.

[Gen. Gantt's reply to this letter, in a subsequent number of the *Broken Fetter*, we shall copy hereafter if we can find room.—*Ed. Standard.*]

* Published during the Ladies' Michigan State Fair for the Relief of Destitute Freedmen and Refugees.

A POET'S BIRTHDAY.

CELEBRATION OF THE BIRTHDAY OF JOHN PIERPONT IN WASHINGTON.

The eightieth birthday of Rev. John Pierpont, the venerable poet, was celebrated in Washington on Thursday evening, April 6th, at the house of Mr. C. H. Morse. The *Chronicle* says:

"Upon the walls we noted the following inscriptions in letters formed of laurel and other evergreens, and beautifully bordered: 'John Pierpont,' 'Priest and Patriot,' and (a quotation from one of his works) 'May a crown, as his reward, be given him.'

"A series of presentations of gifts were made, among which were a beautiful ebony cane with a silver head, suitably inscribed and neatly carved, a gold watch, a magnificently bound photographic album containing portraits of some seventy-five of his friends, including many of the most distinguished people of New England.

"Mr. Morse then proceeded to read to Mr. Pierpont and his friends assembled the beautiful tributes of scores of his friends at a distance, sent to Mr. Morse in response to his intimations that the surprise party had been projected by a few of his friends."

Letters were received from Donald G. Mitchell, Richard H. Dana, Jr., L. Maria Child, Henry W. Longfellow, Charles Sumner, E. P. Whipple and Wm. Lloyd Garrison. Poems were sent by Oliver Wendell Holmes, Charles T. Brooks, Mrs. Sigourney, William Cullen Bryant, John G. Whittier and Elizur Wright. Some of these poems were as follows:

FROM DR. HOLMES.

Love, honor, reverence are the meed we owe
To him who, in the press of younger men,
Toiling with head, heart, hand, with tongue and pen,
Treads his firm pathway through the blinding snow,
Singing in cheery tones that long ago
Our fathers heard: not less melodious when
Ten winters lie on threescore years and ten,
And still life's unchilled fountains overflow;
Though paler seems the faithful watch-tower's light;
In the rich dawn that kindles all the day,
Still in our grateful memory lives the ray
Of the bright flame, blazing through the night,
Now while the heavens, in new-born splendors bright,
Shine o'er a ransom'd people's opening way.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

To John Pierpont, April 3, 1865.

FROM W. C. BRYANT.

To the Rev. John Pierpont, on his Eightieth Birthday, April 6, 1865.

The mightiest of the Hebrew seers,
Clear-eye'd and hale at eighty years,
From Pisgah saw the hills and plains
Of Canaan, green with brooks and rains,

Our poet, strong in frame and mind,
Leaves eighty well-spent years behind;
And forward looks to fields more bright
Than Moses saw from Pisgah's height.

Yet, be our Pierpont's voice and pen
Long potent with the sons of men;
And late his summons to the shore
Where he shall meet his youth once more.

April, 1865. William Cullen Bryant.

FROM JOHN G. WHITTIER.

To John Pierpont.

Health to thee, Pierpont, tried and honest,
In Freedom's fight among the soonest,
Who still as Freedom's minstrel crownest
Her humble lays,
And like some hoary harper tunest
Thy hymns of praise!

Where now are all the "unco good,"
The Canaan-cursing "Brotherhood,"
The mobs they raised, the storms they brewed,
And pulpit thunder?
Sheer sunk like Pharaoh's multitude;
They've all "gone under!"

And thou, our noblest and our oldest,
Our priest and poet, first and boldest,
Crowned with thy fourscore years, beholdest
Thy country free—
O sight to warm a heart the coldest!
How much more thee!

All blessings from the bounteous Giver
Be thine on either side the river;
And when thy sum of life forever
The angels foot up,
Not vain shall seem thy long endeavor
All wrong to root up!

Amesbury, 3d mo., 1865. John G. Whittier.

Mr. Garrison wrote:

"Glory to God that we have been permitted to see the overthrow of slavery in our land, and the rebellion reeling to the earth. As I write, bells are ringing, and guns firing, and jubilant shouts everywhere heard in the streets, at the tidings of the capture of Petersburg and Richmond.

"Through fiery judgment, what a salvation is to be wrought out for our nation! The future is glorious to contemplate, as the past has been sad and humiliating. With my kind regards to Mrs. Pierpont, I remain, dear sir, your rejoicing friend, William Lloyd Garrison.

Mr. Pierpont read a poem of his own, which was composed without reference to or knowledge of the kindly intentions of his friends.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

VICTORY.

The grandest sound beneath the sun,
Pealing from half a thousand bells!
Hear it! bless it! victory's won!
How sweet the changes, sweet the swells,
As each the joyous tidings tells,
With roar of cannon, boom of gun,
The battle is over—and won;

And the end is near. Never more
(Such the glad dream we dream to-night)
Shall human hearts with pain run o'er,
Awaiting tidings of the fight.
The night has passed; all hail the light!
Flash of musket and cannon's roar,
Thank God! can break our hearts no more!

For some the end comes all too late,
For dread and fear have passed and gone;
For some no glad relief, for Fate
Her cruelest and worst has done,
Has taken all in taking one.
Oh! sad, sad hearts, for whom the weight
Of war is lifted all too late!

Oh! sad, sad hearts, lift up your voice,
And bless the lost one's sheathèd sword;
Oh! sad, sad hearts, look up, rejoice;
Blessed is their blood upon the sward,
Blessed their souls who die in the Lord,
Oh! not in vain the soldier's choice,
Our land is saved! Rejoice! rejoice!

April 9, 1865. S. M. B.

SCENES IN RICHMOND.

Correspondence of the Boston Journal.

I was standing upon the bank of the river, viewing the scene of desolation, when a boat, pulled by twelve sailors, came up stream. It contained President Lincoln and his son, Admiral Porter, Capt. Penrose of the army, Capt. A. H. Adams of the navy, Lieut. W. W. Clements of the signal corps. Somehow the negroes on the bank of the river ascertained that the tall man wearing the black hat was President Lincoln. There was a sudden shout. An officer who had just picked up fifty negroes to do work on the dock, found himself alone. They left work and crowded round the President. As he approached I said to a colored woman:

"There is the man who made you free."

"What, massa?"

"That is President Lincoln."

"Dat President Linkum?"

"Yes."

She gazed at him a moment, clapped her hands and jumped straight up and down, shouting "Glory, glory, glory!" till her voice was lost in a universal cheer.

There was no carriage near, so the President, leading his son, walked three quarters of a mile up to Gen. Weitzel's headquarters—Jeff. Davis's mansion. What a spectacle it was! Such a hurly-burly—such wild, indescribable, ecstatic joy I never witnessed. A colored man acted as guide. Six sailors, wearing their round blue caps and short jackets and bagging pants, with navy carbines, were the advance guard. Then came the President and Admiral Porter, flanked by the officers accompanying him and the correspondent of the *Journal*, then six more sailors with carbines—twenty of us all told—amid a surging mass of men, women and children, black, white and yellow, running, shouting, dancing, swinging their caps, bonnets and handkerchiefs. The soldiers saw him and swelled the crowd, cheering in wild enthusiasm. All could see him, he was so tall—so conspicuous.

One colored woman standing in a doorway, as the President passed along the sidewalk, shouted: "Thank you, dear Jesus, for this! thank you, Jesus!" Another standing by her side was clapping her hands and shouting: "Bless de Lord!"

A colored woman snatched her bonnet from her head, whirled it in the air, screaming with all her might, "God bless you, massa Linkum."

A few white women looking out from the houses waved their handkerchiefs. One lady in a large and elegant building looked awhile, and then turned away her head, as if it was a disgusting sight.

President Lincoln walked in silence, acknowledging the salutes of officers and soldiers and of the citizens, black and white! It was the man of the people among the people. It was the great deliverer, meeting the delivered. Yesterday morning the majority of the thousands who crowded the streets and hindered our advance, were slaves. Now they were free, and beholding him who had given them their liberty.

The Philadelphia *Press* has a correspondent in the field who writes excellent letters—Mr. J. Morris Chester. He is a tall, stout, muscular, unassuming man. He is a black man. Entering the hall of Congress he sat down in the Speaker's chair and commenced writing on the Speaker's desk. A rebel officer who had been paroled entered the room.

"Come out of there, you black cuss," shouted the officer, his teeth set and his fist clenched.

Mr. Chester raised his eyes, calming surveyed the officer, and went on with his writing.

"Get out of there or I'll knock your brains out," the officer bellowed, pouring out a torrent of oaths.

Mr. Chester did not move. The officer rushed up the steps to seize him by the collar, but found himself tumbling heels over head over chairs and benches, knocked down by one well-planted blow between his eyes, which Mr. Chester had given.

Mr. Chester said not a word, but sat down and went to writing as if nothing had happened. The officer sprang to his feet and called upon Capt. Hutchins of Gen. Devens's staff for a sword.

"I'll cut the fellow's heart out," said he.

"O, no. I guess not. I won't let you have my sword for any such purpose. If you want to fight Mr. Chester, I will clear a space here and see that you have fair play, but let me tell you that you will get a tremendous thrashing," said Capt. Hutchins.

The officer left the hall in disgust, while Mr. Chester continued his writing. "I thought I would exercise my right as a belligerent," was his remark as he told me the story, which is fully confirmed by Capt. Hutchins.

I have taken especial pains to ascertain the truth about negro troops in the rebel service. A great meeting was held in the African church some weeks ago to fire the African heart. The church was crowded with colored people. The newspapers since then have made frequent mention of the volunteering of colored men, and the public have been made to believe that several regiments were being enlisted. I have the testimony of a dozen men, white and colored, that the entire number did not exceed fifty! and these were boys, who were ready to parade the streets, and live on Confederate rations, but who had no idea of fighting. "Dey was mostly poor Souf Carolina darkies—poor heathen fellers, who didn't know no better," said one negro, in response to my inquiries. "Would you have fought against the Yankees?" I asked of a colored man dressed in butternut colored clothes, who stood near by. "No, sir. Dey might have shot me through de body wid ninety thousand balls, before I would have fired a gun at my friends." "Then you look upon us as your friends?" "Yes, sir. I've prayed for you to come to get here for a long while, and do you think that I would have prayed one way and fit de other?" He said it with spirit, as if a little hurt that I should question his sincerity. "I'll tell you, massa, what I would have done," said another, taking off his hat and bowing; "I would have taken de gun, and when I cotched a chance, I'd a shooted it at de rebs and den run for de Yankees." This brought a general explosion from the crowd, and arrested the attention of some white men passing.

I look back with pleasure to the scene. It was in the street directly west of the Capitol—the dilapidated building with decaying walls and broken windows. I had but to raise my eyes to see the stars and stripes waving in the evening breeze. A few paces distant were the ruins of the rebel war department, from whence were issued orders to starve our prisoners at Belle Isle, Salisbury and Andersonville. Near by were the walls of Dr. Reed's church, where a specious gospel had been preached. A stone's throw in the other direction was Dr. Hayes's church, where Jeff. Davis's heart quailed on Sunday last. The street was full of people. I was a stranger to them all, but I ventured to make this inquiry: "Did you ever see an Abolitionist?" "No, massa, I reckon I never did," was the reply. "What kind of people do you think they are?" "Well, massa, I specs dey is a good kind of people." "Why do you think so?" "'Case when I hear bad white folks swearing and cussing about 'em, I reckun dar must be something good about 'em." "Well, my friends, I am an Abolitionist; I believe that one man is just as good as another if he behaves as well, and that I have no more right to make a slave of you than you have of me." Every hat came off in an instant, and a dozen hands were reached out toward me, and I heard from a dozen tongues a hearty "God bless you, sir!" There is freedom of speech in Richmond now. White men heard me and scowled. Last Sunday, had I uttered those words I should have dangled upon the nearest lamp-post in five minutes; but to-day, those men who stretched out their hands to me would have given the last drop of their blood, before they would have seen a hair of my head injured, after that declaration.

REJOICINGS AMONG THE EMANCIPATED.

Correspondence of the Philadelphia Press.

Nothing can exceed the rejoicings of the negroes since the occupation of this city. They declare that they cannot realize the change; though they have long prayed for it, yet it seems impossible that it has come. Old men and women weep and shout for joy, and praise God for their deliverance through means of the Union army. The stories of horror which many of them relate, through which they have passed would be hard to credit, were it not that there are so many corroborating circumstances to remove all doubts. The highest degree of happiness attainable upon earth is now being enjoyed by the colored people of this city. They all declare that they are abundantly able to take care of themselves. Nothing can be more amusing than the efforts of some of the most violent rebels, who in other days never let an opportunity pass to show their love for Jeff Davis, or manifest their vindictive feelings against the negroes in every conceivable manner, to cultivate the friendship of the colored people, with the hope that the forgiving nature of the race may induce them to forget the wrongs of the past and befriend them in these times of sore tribulation. Persons who were instituting all manner of complaints against the respectable colored persons who happened to live in their neighborhood have suddenly realized that they were very desirable companions, and possessing social qualities worthy of cultivation. What a wonderful change has come over the spirit of Southern dreams.

GOOD BEHAVIOR OF THE NEGROES.

Correspondence of the Cincinnati Gazette.

Nothing could be better than the behavior of the negroes. Some of the citizens, who "hate a d—d nigger anyhow," complain of their having been riotous during the fire, but I found no evidence to show that they had behaved nearly so badly as some of the whites. Others complain that they have become "saucy"; but this, too, is rather what they feel bound to believe must be, than what they actually see.

Here at the Spottswood House the negroes—all slaves two days ago, all free now and knowing that they are free—continue quietly at their regular work. The proprietor complains that, during the fire on Monday he could get nothing done; but with such a fire raging all around them, servants in any house would scarcely be very attentive. To-night the hotel is overrunning with officers who have at last worked their way up from City Point; yet, in the midst of such confusion, no hotel could show better attention to the wants of its guests than these liberated slaves are giving.

Throughout the city, the majority of them are thus far remaining quietly with their late masters, at their old duties. They all know they are free, and chuckle greatly over the thought; but they mean to give their masters a chance to pay them wages.

The first thing many ask about is the prospect for negro schools. They have heard in some way that in other cities the advent of the Yankees was the signal for beginning the education of themselves and their children; and they are anxiously awaiting the same result here.

For the most part, I doubt if the inferior classes of slaves very well understand yet what it all means. 'I don't take no more passes now to go around nowhar," exclaimed a burly black a moment ago to his comrade, beneath the window. That seems to be as far as many of them get. They know that they can go about without passes, that they can smoke cigars in the State House square, and stay out after nine o'clock if they wish; and they have a vague sort of jubilant feeling about being free; but I doubt if many of them realize that freedom means simply work for themselves.

Of course they are all our friends; all cheer the flag, and listen to the music, and glorify the Yankees. They are very proud of our negro soldiers; say that the rebel attempt to arm them wouldn't work; and declare that they got none into their companies except such as were forced in.

NEGRO ENTERPRISE IN VIRGINIA.

Correspondence of the World.

Not the least remarkable thing to note is the awakened enterprise of the darkies. They are coming into Richmond from remote places with a few head of cattle, with vegetables and forage, and are fishing the James river in organization. Last Sunday afternoon they solemnly dispossessed the white preachers of authority in the Richmond negro churches, and seem to rise to some conception of their new opportunities, being orderly, as well as thoughtful and industrious. If the close of the war should develop any latent energy or ability in this dusky race, we shall have one regret the less and one satisfaction the more.

Advertisements.

DR. TALBOT'S CONCENTRATED MEDICAL PINEAPPLE CIDER

IS A PREVENTIVE OF SICKNESS.

The experience that Dr. Talbot has had for the last twenty-five years, convinces him that it is time the public had an article offered that will prevent sickness. The article offered is Dr. Talbot's Medicated Pineapple Cider, designed for all classes,

OLD AND YOUNG.

It is not new to the Doctor, but it is entirely new to the public. One quart bottle will last a well person a year. This is rather a new mode of doctoring; nevertheless it will

SAVE MILLIONS

from being sick. Is it not better to pay three dollars a year to keep from being sick, than to pay ten or twenty dollars in doctor's bills, and as much more for the loss of time, and inconvenience of being sick?

To prevent sickness, use as follows:

Add one teaspoonful of Medicated Pineapple Cider to a tumbler of cold water, and drink the first thing after you rise in the morning, and the same before you retire at night.

If will increase the strength, and give

VIGOR AND ACTION

to the system.

A celebrated New York Merchant, who has made a thorough trial of the Pineapple Cider, assures Dr. Talbot that he has gained ten pounds of flesh in one month at the first trial. He continues its use as above directed, and finds it very beneficial; says it proved an entire

PREVENTIVE TO SICKNESS

in his case. Also, another well-known gentleman in New York has used the Medicated Cider constantly for ten years, and has not been sick one day during that time.

THIS WONDERFUL PREPARATION

will increase the strength, give vigor and action to the system, and regulate digestion. When taken internally, for pains of all kinds—Bilious Colic, Diarrhœa, Diseases of the Throat, Pains in the Chest, Hoarseness, Coughs, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Pains, Dyspepsia, Acidity of the Stomach, etc., etc.—its soothing and quieting effect on the system is most astonishing.

Dr. Wilcox, an eminent physician, employed it with great success in treating Fevers, Dyspepsia, Nervous Affections, Loss of Appetite, Weakness, Palpitation of the Heart, Chronic Diarrhœa, Colic Dysentery, and Diseases of the Stomach and Bowels. It is also particularly recommended by physicians to delicate females, and as an excellent remedy for Enfeebled Digestion, Want of Appetite, Scrofula, Nephritic Affections, Rheumatism, etc., etc. It never fails to relieve Nervous Tremor, Wakefulness, Disturbed Sleep, etc. American Ladies have used this article with great success to heighten their color and beauty.

It imparts cheerfulness to the disposition, and brilliancy to the complexion.

To Travellers, especially, it is of inestimable value, and should be provided as a medicine for every journey in which the water is likely to vary in quality and tendency.

Persons residing in any part of the country may adopt it with the utmost confidence as a timely, efficacious restorative.

PRICES:

THREE DOLLARS PER BOTTLE (FULL QUART).
TWO DOLLARS " (FULL PINT).
ONE DOLLAR " (FULL HALF-PINT).

1 Quart bottle, 2 Pint bottles, or 4 Half-pint bottles sent free by express on receipt of price. FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

B. T. BABBITT, Sole Agent, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 70, 72 and 74 Washington st., N. Y. 29–6mo.

HEATING AND COOKING BY GAS

Cheaper than wood or coal.

Eagle Gas Heating Stoves, positively guaranteed to be free from smoke or smell. Will heat offices, parlor, dining, sleeping and bath rooms. Also Eagle Gas Cooking Stoves and Ranges will boil, broil, roast, toast, bake, stew, fry, heat irons, etc., etc.

The Eagle Gas Stoves and Ranges have been in use for over three years, and are found to be the most simple, complete and perfect arrangement for heating and cooking, in every respect, ever invented, and to do the work with less trouble, in less time, and at less expense than any coal or wood stove.

Their wonderful neatness, convenience and economy can be seen at a glance.

We also manufacture Coal Oil Stoves for cooking and heating.

Send for descriptive catalogues.

EAGLE GAS STOVE MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
474 Broadway, New York.

The American Advertising Agency, 389 Broadway, New York. (Business Department—E. ALVORD, Cor.—at FOWLER AND WELLS'S) receive orders. 40—tf

KISSINGEN, VICHY,

AND ALL OTHER

MEDICINAL MEDICAL WATERS.

HANBURY SMITH, M.D.,
808 Broadway, New York.

ARTIFICIAL LEGS, BY E. D. HUDSON, M.D., Clinton Hall, UP STAIRS, Astor Place, New York. Soldiers provided by commission of the Surgeon General, U. S. A.

HANDS of superior quality. FEET for limbs shortened by Hip-disease a great benefaction: Dr. H. having devoted his attention and practice for fourteen years to the subject of artificial limbs, has made such improvements upon it as to render his work in this branch of surgery superior to all others. "Palmer Patent," the right to which is his by purchase, as Send for descriptive pamphlet.

PUTNAM'S CLOTHES WRINGER

IT IS THE ONLY RELIABLE

SELF-ADJUSTING WRINGER.

No Wood-work to swell or split. No Thumb-screws to get out of order. Warranted with or without Cog-wheels.

It took the First Premium at Fifty-seven State and County Fairs in 1863, and nearly double that number in 1864, and is, without an exception, the best Wringer ever made. Patented in the United States, England, Canada, and Australia. Agents wanted in every town, and in all parts of the world. Energetic agents can make from $5 to $10 per day.

WHAT EVERYBODY KNOWS, VIZ.:

That Iron will galvanized *will not rust.*
That a *simple* machine is better than a complicated one.
That a Wringer should be *self-adjusting, durable and efficient.*
That thumb-screws and fastenings cause *delay* and *trouble* to regulate and keep in order.
That wood soaked in water will *swell, shrink,* and *split:*
That wood-bearings for the shaft to run in *will wear out.*
That the Putnam Wringer, with or without cog-wheels, will not *wear the clothes.*
That cog-wheel regulators are not essential.
That the Putnam Wringer has *all* the advantages, and not *one* of the disadvantages above named.
That all who have tried it pronounce it the *best* Wringer ever made.
That it will ring a thread or a bed-quilt *without alteration.*

We might fill the paper with testimonials, but insert only a few to convince the skeptical, if such there be; and we say to all, *test* Putnam's Wringer. Test it *thoroughly* with *any* and *all* others, and if not entirely satisfactory, return it.

Putnam Manufacturing Co.—Gentlemen: I know from practical experience that iron well galvanized with zinc will not oxydise or rust one particle. The Putnam Wringer is as near perfect as possible, and I can cheerfully recommend it to be the best in use.
Respectfully yours, John W. Wheeler, Cleveland, O.

Many years experience in the galvanizing business enables me to indorse the above statement in *all particulars.*
John C. Leffers, No. 100 Beekman Street.

New York, January, 1864.—We have tested Putnam's Clothes Wringer by practical working, and know that it will do. It is cheap; it is simple; it requires no room, whether at work or at rest; a child can operate it; it does its duty thoroughly; it saves time, and it saves wear and tear. We earnestly advise all who have much washing to do, with all intelligent persons who have *any,* to buy his Wringer. It will pay for itself in a year at most.
Horace Greeley.

Prices, $8, $9, and $10.
Sample Wringers sent, express paid, on receipt of price.
Manufactured and sold, wholesale and retail, by
PUTNAM MANUFACTURING CO.,
13 Platt Street, New York.
Bennington, Vt.
Cleveland, O.

GROVESTEEN & CO.,

PIANO-FORTE MANUFACTURERS,

499 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The attention of the public and the trade is invited to our New Scale Seven Octave Rosewood Piano-Fortes, which for volume and purity of tone are unrivalled by any hitherto offered in this market. They contain all the modern improvements, French, grand action, harp pedal, iron frame, over-strung bass, etc., and each instrument being made under the personal supervision of Mr. J. H. Grovesteen, who has had a practical experience of over thirty years in their manufacture, is fully warrants in every particular.

THE "GROVESTEEN PIANO-FORTE"

received the highest award of merit over all others at the celebrated World's Fair! where were exhibited instruments from the best makers of London, Paris, Germany, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston and New York; and also at the American Institute for five successive years, the gold and silver medals from both of which can be seen at our warerooms.

By the introduction of improvements we make a still more perfect Piano-Forte, and by manufacturing largely, with a strict cash system, are enabled to offer these instruments at a price which will preclude all competition.

PRICES.

No. 1, Seven Octave, round corners, Rosewood Plain Case, $275.

No. 2, Seven Octave, round corners, Rosewood heavy moulding, $300.

No. 3, Seven Octave, round corners, Rosewood Louis XIV. style, $325.

Terms—Net Cash, in Current Funds.

Descriptive Circulars sent free.

WEST'S IMPROVED PUMP

Anti-Freezing, Double-Acting, Forcing and Lifting.

These Pumps have now been in general use a number of years, and give better satisfaction than any other, and are recommended as THE BEST! by Captain Ericsson, and other eminent engineers. We can refer to thousands using them, and guarantee that all will recommend them. They are more simple in construction, and work easier, and cost less than all others.

"Our readers will find the double-acting, improved Pump of J. D. West & Co., one of the best in the market. It is very simple, works to a charm, so that any child may use it; throws a steady, continuous stream, and does not freeze in the coldest exposures, and is unusually cheap. We say this knowingly, and give the testimony of our own accord, without the knowledge or request of the proprietors."—*N. Y. Evening Post, July 1, 1863.*

"J. D. West & Co. We are pleased to state that the Pumps we had of you, about a year ago, have been in constant use, 12 hours each day, and rains for the use of our woolen factory about 130 gallons per minute. They work with but little power, compared with pumps we have used before, and do not get out of repair, and are satisfactory in all respects. Dunlap Manufacturing Co."

Solon Robinson to the Farmers' Club, Jan. 28:

"No farmer who owns a well or a cistern can possibly afford to be without an iron pump. It should be at once a suction and force pump—a perfect little fire-engine—such a one known as 'West's Improved Pump.' I speak of this Pump, because I happen to know . . . to be very simple, durable, powerful, and cheap, and it don't freeze up, nor get out of order once a year . . . I know this, and think I may be doing the farmers good by speaking of it . . . . A boy 10 years old can work it, and throw a continuous inch-and-a-quarter stream. . . . It can be made to work in deep wells as well as in shallow ones."

"Great Neck, L. I., 1860.

"I have used this Pump for one Summer and Winter, exposed to the northwest wind coming over Long Island Sound, being the coldest possible exposure, and at no time did it freeze, nor were we unable at any time to pump water with great ease.
"H. B. McIlvain."

"The undersigned, having to use 'West's Improved Pumps,' cheerfully recommend them as simple, durable, and powerful in raising and throwing water, and for their ease of action, security against frost, and low price, we believe them superior to all others.
"Warren Leland, Mst. Hotel, N. Y.
"J. W. Pomeroy, Yonkers, N. Y.
"John Messereau, N. Y.
"Dominick Lawrence, Westchester."

From the New York Observer.

"We have had in use for months past one of West's Pumps, which has given us more satisfaction, as a force and lifting pump, than any we have ever used. It is one of great power, and well adapted for ship's decks, mines, factories, greenhouses, graperies, etc. The *Mining Chronicle and Railway Journal* says, 'It is recommended for its extreme simplicity of construction, great strength, and consequent durability and cheapness of repair. There is no stuffing-box—the pressure being held by a cup packing, like that on the working-piston, working in a cylinder, fitted for the purpose within the upper air chamber—which we think a great improvement, as stuffing is so liable to be deranged and leak under strong pressure, to say nothing of the loss by friction incident thereto. It has also two air-chambers; thus the action of the valves is cushioned upon both sides by the pressure of water—preventing water-hammer and vacuum-thump. The valves are very accessible, and simply and cheaply repaired. They work much easier than any pump we have ever seen; the 4-inch cylinder being worked by children in wells 100 feet deep, and as they are extremely cheap, as well as simple and strong, we freely recommend them.'"

"Cambridge Mine, N. C., June 15, 1863.

"J. D. West & Co.—Gents. The pump which I ordered for our mine is received, and put to work in our auderiay shaft, which we are sinking. We find that one man will, with ease, lift 60 gallons per minute